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THE STORY OF THE VOLTURNO

Measured by actual loss of life, the burning at sea of the British steamship Volturno, of the Uranium line, was less than one-tenth as widespread in tragical extent as that of the Titanic; but cold-blooded statistics do not in the least express the intensity of that day and night of agonized waiting, or the extraordinary gathering by wireless of vessels to the rescue, or the many dreadful hours in which the succor near at hand could not avail, or the courage and endurance of the fighters of fire on the doomed ship and of the rescuing sailors who manned boats in a raging ocean.

The lasting impression made is chiefly that of a heroic fight against fire and ocean in which Captain Inch of the Volturno stands out as a brave and modest seaman of unflinching determination to hold out to the last minute of time and the last bit of unburned deck-room. Faltering or weakness on his part or that of his crew meant wholesale destruction. Only a few years ago such an unquenchable fire in the open sea would almost certainly have meant a total loss of life and a report of "ship never heard from." Here within twelve hours eleven ships speeding from all directions reach the scene of danger. To quote one of many word-pictures of the scene on Thursday night, one's imagination vividly sees "the blazing hulk with its affrighted company huddled in the stern; around it the rescuing fleet of ten vessels representative of four nationalities; the waves illumined by the searchlights of the Cunarder; and every now and then, tossed high on the crest of a wave, a tiny craft battling to reach the doomed ship."

It was early on Thursday morning (October 9) that fire broke out. The vessel's hold was filled with terribly inflammable substances, such as chemicals, oils, and cotton. Some say that a cigarette thrown down a grating started the blaze, others that chemical action produced so-called "spontaneous combustion." At all events, the fire spread with startling rapidity. Captain Inch's own story says: "The flames gained rapidly and soon reached the height of the foremast light. The fire imprisoned the watch below, who were burned to death in the forecastle." Later a series of terrific explosions took place. The sea was running high, the ship rolling heavily; one boat was smashed to pieces and fifty lives were lost; two got away from the ship with crews and some passengers, but they were never seen again, and their loss makes up a large proportion of the 136 who perished out of a total of about 665 passengers and crew. Hope lay only in the wireless. The Carmania was nearest and fastest. She arrived at eleven o'clock Thursday morning, and lowered a boat, which was barely saved from instant wreck, searched in vain for the missing boats of the Volturno, and then, as other ships were arriving, Captain Barr of the Carmania left the boat work to them and used his big ship as a wind shield and guard for the others, helping also at night with his searchlights. Captain Barr has been censured by some, but Captain Inch praises highly the work of the Carmania.

THE RESCUE

As night came on the sea became calmer and two oil vessels poured great streams on its surface with good effect. Boats from the rescuing ships clustered around the stern of the Volturno, to which her distressed people had been driven. All day long the flames had made a glowing furnace of the forward part of the ship, and the officers knew that the conflagration was rapidly eating its way aft in the lowest holds. In the midnight hours passengers were urged to drop into the water and be picked up by the boats. Many men did this, but the women all refused. When daylight came Friday, the work of rescue was easy. Splendid work that night and morning was done by the crews of the Grosser Kurfuerst, the Kroon-

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land, and the other vessels; and soon the rescue ships were speeding east and west to various ports with their quotas of saved. Most of these were steerage passengers, and in the hurry and confusion families were separated and all arrived half-clad, hungry, and distressed. When the Grosser Kurfuerst reached New York on Wednesday of last week with the largest number of saved people (105, all men), they were given a hearty welcome, were fed by the Hebrew Immigrant Society, aided with money by the Red Cross, sent free by rail to their destinations by the steamship companies, and relieved of most technical restrictions by the United States Immigration Service. One of them, a Russian Jew boy, exclaimed, "God be thanked! America is paradise!" The next day the Kroonland arrived in New York with Captain Inch and eighty-seven other survivors.

One of the Grosser Kurfuerst's passengers was Edward Lloyd, the second officer of the Volturno, who had been allowed by Captain Inch to go to the Grosser Kurfuerst in a lifeboat early Thursday afternoon to show that it was possible to handle boats. He and his men nearly lost their lives and had to admit that the high sea made waiting necessary. Here is what Mr. Lloyd said of his captain:

> I want to say that Captain Inch is one of the bravest men I ever saw. He was always in the place of danger, always courageous and firm and cheerful. He had a hundred things to do all at once, but he was never wanting.
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> On Thursday afternoon a rush of flame nearly finished him. It burned off his hair and eyebrows and scorched his face. His uniform was in rags and his shoes were about burned from his feet. He was worn out from toil and worry, but he stuck to his post.

Captain Inch, Mr. Lloyd, and others denied emphatically the charges that the crew acted like cowards and abused the passengers, and that they were driven to their work by threats and pistols.

WHAT THE DISASTER SHOWS

There is much that is reassuring about this sea tragedy. Best of all, it shows that seamanship and courage are not extinct. Captain Inch and his officers fought like tigers. The ship was kept before the wind by skilled work; if it had not been, death and destruction would have instantly followed. Crew and passengers were handled with judgment.

The question of boats differs from that provoked by the Titanic disaster; it is said that the Volturno's boats were few and poor (although Captain Inch denies this); but no number would have availed on Thursday. On the other hand, only fine handling of adequate boats by the rescuers could have been of avail as early as it was. The disaster does not, as some people seem to think, indicate that the question of boats is unimportant, but only that other matters are of at least equal moment.

The foremost of these is the shipment of explosives and combustibles. Surely if a passenger ship is to carry such things it should be under strict control and rigid precautions. The American Steamboat Inspection Service laws regulate the matter in detail. What is needed is an international agreement as to foreign-going commerce. The British investigation of the Volturno disaster ought to make this question of explosives and combustibles at sea of paramount importance. It would be interesting to know how far and under what representations this cargo was insured. The passenger in mid-ocean has a right to full protection from the horrors threatened by a dangerous cargo. The deaths of those men in the Volturno's fore part call out for investigation and action.

The glory of the wireless as a ready help at sea has again been demonstrated. But that it is so valuable and necessary is just the reason why it also should be more strictly regulated and controlled by governmental authority. Still another lesson of governmental control is seen in the fact that the Volturno is still floating, a dangerous derelict. When next the question of appropriation for such work as derelict-hunting comes up, let not such an incident as this be forgotten.

Happily there has been in this case no question of personal shrinking from danger or responsibility such as followed the Titanic disaster. In the main the story of the Volturno calamity has been one of fortitude and endurance.

THE CURRENCY DEBATE

Both in Congress and outside the discussion of the currency question continued last week unabated. The most noteworthy contributions to this discussion were made in the meeting of the Academy of Political Science in the city of New York.

At those meetings there were present

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students of the theory of banking and currency, legislators engaged in drafting currency legislation, practical men engaged in banking, and merchants whose business depends upon both sound banking and sound currency. Almost every shade of opinion was expressed there. The arguments of the leaders in Congress were presented—Senator Owens's by himself and Mr. Glass's by his colleague, Mr. Bulkley. Perhaps the greatest contrast in views was afforded by two professors of economics—one, Professor Johnson, of the New York University, who took a most pessimistic view of the proposed bill, declaring that if it were enacted it would result in a panic and a collapse of the whole system; the other, Professor Kemmerer, of Princeton, who took an optimistic view.

The most noteworthy address, or rather the one that has occasioned most comment, was that of ex-Senator Aldrich, who attacked the bill as, in effect, the triumph of Mr. Bryan's financial ideas.

It would greatly facilitate the reaching of sound conclusions if in the consideration of this bill there could be eliminated altogether these two personalities—Mr. Bryan and Mr. Aldrich. The fact that Mr. Aldrich has favored a certain provision condemns that provision in the eyes of some people. The fact that Mr. Bryan favors a proposition condemns it in the eyes of other people. As a matter of fact, whether one man favors a proposition or not has nothing whatever to do with its intrinsic merits. Undoubtedly the present bill has some provisions which would not be there except for what Mr. Aldrich has done, and others which would not be there except for what Mr. Bryan has done. Now that they are there they ought to be considered for what they are worth.

We reiterate our belief that in its broad outline the bill is one that the country needs enacted into law. There is no bill that may not be perfected in detail; but in perfecting the details of this bill let not the mistake be made of preventing the country from having the relief it needs promptly.

THE REMOVAL OF GOVERNOR SULZER

On Friday of last week the High Court of Impeachment, consisting of the New York State Senate and the Judges of the State Court of Appeals, which had heard the charges preferred by the lower house of the Legislature, voted, 43 to 12, to remove William Sulzer from his office as Governor of the State of New York. Immediately thereafter this Court voted that his expulsion did not disqualify him in the future from holding any office of profit, trust, or honor.

These decisions of the High Court of Impeachment were preceded by votes on the question whether Mr. Sulzer was guilty or not guilty of each of the eight articles of impeachment. In these votes the Court decided by a unanimous vote that on four articles, all of which pertained to acts committed or alleged to have been committed since he became Governor, Mr. Sulzer was not guilty. On the charge that he had committed larceny of campaign contributions the Court also rendered a unanimous decision of not guilty. On the three articles of impeachment charging the Governor with filing a false statement of campaign expenses and contributions, committing perjury by swearing to the accuracy of this statement, and practicing fraud and deceit to prevent the investigating committee from obtaining full details relative to campaign contributions, the Court pronounced him guilty in each case by a more than two-thirds vote, varying from 39 to 18 on the first two to 43 to 14 on the last.

In these three votes Judge Cullen, the presiding judge, whose conduct of the case has elicited very general praise both for its spirit of severe judicial equipoise and for its conformity not merely to judicial precedence but also to common sense, voted "Not guilty." In the course of the opinions which accompanied his votes Judge Cullen made it clear that he did not vote to acquit Mr. Sulzer because he believed him guiltless of grave moral wrong nor because he doubted the power of the Court to impeach him for his offenses.

On the first two charges Judge Cullen voted not guilty because the offenses charged were committed before Mr. Sulzer took office. "The question," said Judge Cullen, "is not one of power, but one of right." As to this, Judge Cullen held that acts committed before taking office are not rightly ground for impeachment, and that as to acts committed prior to election, unless they are such as make it evident that the accused is disqualified by the law from taking office, the electors are to be the judges. With Judge Cullen's conclusion three other Judges agreed. On the other hand, the other Judges of the Court of Ap-

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peals voted that he was guilty. Judge Miller, for instance, held that what Governor Sulzer did was so closely connected to his official life that it rendered him unfit to discharge the duties of his office.

As to the other charge on which Mr. Sulzer was found guilty, namely, that by means of threats he endeavored to suppress evidence before an investigating committee, there was also disagreement among the Judges of the Court of Appeals. Judge Cullen held that the evidence adduced to prove this did not prove it as charged in the impeachment, and with his conclusion two other Judges agreed; while other Judges held that the offense testified to was of such a nature that the article of impeachment in question was broad enough to include it.

Mr. Sulzer is succeeded by the man elected as Lieutenant-Governor, Martin H. Glynn.

In removing William Sulzer, the High Court of Impeachment certainly did not exceed its power; but we believe that the sober thought of the country will come to agree with Judge Cullen that the offenses with which Governor Sulzer was charged were not such as to require the offender's impeachment and removal.

TIMOTHY L. WOODRUFF

In the midst of a speech on behalf of the Fusion candidates in the New York City campaign Mr. Timothy L. Woodruff was seen to falter like a suddenly wounded man. Though evidently laboring under a severe physical disability, he held himself together and continued his speech until he collapsed. From that attack of apoplexy he did not recover.

Mr. Woodruff's career was one of those illustrations of the many-sided nature of what may be called liberal movements that occur in every generation. For years Mr. Woodruff was known as one of the most regular of the prominent members of his party in the State of New York. His genial temperament roused in every one who personally knew him a very hearty liking. Like many other political leaders whom nobody dislikes, he attained prominence in his party counsels, but never rose beyond a position of moderate importance. He was three times Lieutenant-Governor of the State. He was always willing to do with industry and effectiveness the routine duties which must be done for the maintenance of party organization, and he did these duties cheerfully and effectively. Even in times of bitter political conflict he did not create personal enmities. The shafts of wit which in any political campaign are directed against the more noticeable figures never disturbed his equanimity.

Once at a football game in New Haven Mr. Woodruff entered the inclosure after most of the crowd had assembled and walked to his seat in front of the assembled Yale adherents. Being a well-known Yale graduate, he was greeted jovially as he passed along. Finally some one in the crowd, perhaps a friend who took this method to attract his attention, threw at him a sample of some kind of powder that had been left in small packages for advertising purposes, and the rest of the crowd immediately followed suit, and in an instant he was enveloped in this powdery substance from head to foot. No one in the crowd enjoyed the episode more than he appeared to enjoy it. His smiling composure under this friendly assault was characteristic of him at all times.

Temperamentally Mr. Woodruff seemed to be as far as possible removed from those who, taking themselves seriously because they take everything seriously, are conventionally supposed to constitute all reform movements. Certainly he was not associated throughout most of his career with the more pronounced reform element in his own party. When, however, as a result of the contest over fundamental matters within the Republican party, the Progressive party was formed, Mr. Woodruff quietly, but unmistakably, at once gave his adherence to this new political organization devoted to a liberal political and industrial programme. Although he had been Lieutenant-Governor of New York State, it was not until then that he could have been said to be a National figure; and yet at the time it seemed as if there were no surer way for any man to hazard whatever political influence he had than by joining the new party.

It is doubtful whether anything that occurred last year more conclusively demonstrated the sincerity and depth of conviction that moved the organizers of this new party than the fact that among its earliest and most steadfast adherents was Timothy L. Woodruff. In spite of the bitterness that was engendered during the campaign last year, in spite, too, of the fact that his record for regularity made some of the members of the new party who had reforming antecedents somewhat suspicious of him, he kept his friends to the

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end. He was a man of means, who engaged in public life not for what he could get from it for himself, but for the purpose of the best kind of public service he could render.

HUERTA: DICTATOR

Anarchy and absolutism seem to be alternating conditions in Mexico. On October 10 the last vestige of a pretense at self-government by a republic vanished when Huerta invaded with his soldiers the Hall of Deputies, seized over a hundred of the Deputies, and threw them into prison. There they remained throughout last week. The Senate dissolved of its own accord, several of the judges resigned, and the capital bristled with guns and troops ready to subdue any attempt at revolt.

Huerta's immediate pretext was a resolution of the Deputies making inquiry concerning the disappearance of Dr. Belisaro Dominguez, Senator from Chiapas, who had vanished from his hotel after making an address in which he criticised the Provisional President. In that resolution the Deputies warned General Huerta that if he did not give them protection against personal injury they would adjourn to another city and hold their legislative sessions there. But Huerta's real purpose was to prevent any criticism of himself or his conduct, and any interference with his mastery over the proposed elections, the constitutionality of which has been questioned in the Mexican Congress. At the time of the dissolution Huerta announced that the election of October 26 would now include the choice of Senators and Deputies. Whether he will have the audacity to carry out the plan of a nominal election or not is uncertain. What every one knows is that any such election at this time would be a mere farce.

The proclamation issued by Huerta to the Mexican people declared that Congress had insulted him by offensive and calumnious language, had overstepped the bounds of decency, had denied him financial assistance, and at the same time had no unity of purpose or patriotism. Therefore he "assumes full powers for the direction of the Government"—in other words, declares himself Dictator of Mexico—"takes upon himself the powers granted the legislative powers by the Constitution," and will issue decrees as he likes, the first being to rescind the very first article of the Constitution, which guarantees the liberty of Deputies and Senators. If there is any constitutional support for Huerta's action, it has not been put forward. His tyrannical and despotic deeds are generally interpreted to indicate desperation and a resort to the pure brute force of that part of the army near the capital. One rumor circulated was that Huerta was discussing with his Cabinet the desirability of his resignation.

PRESIDENT WILSON'S PROTEST

The United States cannot unmoved see Mexico's political condition pass from bad to worse. What can it, and what should it, do? The present Administration remains steadfastly opposed to recognition of the pseudo-Government in Mexico—naturally now more than before. It is also pledged against intervention unless as the very last resort, and that determination has just been repeated. Theoretically, then, it cannot be expected to interfere in Mexico's internal affairs. Practically, it cannot leave them alone. Yet everything it does or says may logically be ignored by Mexico.

The position is unreasonable and unendurable. Some definite course must be mapped out if we are not to be the laughing-stock of the nations. Already Germany, Great Britain, and even France are sending war-ships to Mexico, at the request of their diplomatic representatives, to safeguard their citizens in Mexico. Delicate questions as to the bearing of the Monroe Doctrine on the situation are arising. To ignore Mexico's existence internationally and at the same time to issue admonitions and injunctions is a course that cannot long continue. What President Wilson did last week was to send informally (so as to avoid the semblance of recognition) the following message—drastic enough as to expression, but without the hint of means of enforcement:

> The President is shocked at the lawless methods employed by General Huerta, and as a sincere friend of Mexico is deeply distressed at the situation which has arisen. He finds it impossible to regard otherwise than as an act of bad faith toward the United States General Huerta's course in dissolving Congress and arresting the Deputies.
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> It is not only a violation of constitutional guarantee, but it destroys all possibility of free and fair elections. The President believes that an election held at this time, and under conditions as they now exist, would have none of that sanctity with which the law surrounds the ballot,

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and that its result, therefore, could not be regarded as representing the will of the people. The President would not feel justified in accepting the result of such an election or in recognizing the President so chosen.

Naturally, Huerta saw no reason to reply. And apparently our "policy of waiting" is to continue. Meanwhile the suggestion has been made from several sources, and notably by Mr. Charles H. Sherrill, ex-Minister to the Argentine Republic, that two or three of the greatest and most advanced countries of South America should be called on in case of need to act with the United States as Argentina and Brazil did in the case of the Peru-Ecuador trouble. Mr. Sherrill says:

> The great [Monroe] Doctrine would at once become continental, and cease to be unilateral, which is to-day its one great defect. It is not the duty of the United States to police Latin America, and the sooner we get that idea spread broadcast, not only in South America, but also in North America, the better will it be for our international repute. Whenever, under the terms of the Monroe Doctrine, an occasion for armed intervention in this hemisphere arises, let us, in each and every instance, invite participation in that responsibility from other American countries, all of which are equally concerned in the benefits and responsibilities of that Doctrine.

There is food for consideration here. If Brazil, Argentina, and Chile could act with the United States to restore peace, safeguard industry, and build up a system by which Mexico could be taught representative government, the world would know that no permanent occupation was intended, and Mexico itself might accept the offices of those united American powers to rescue it from its present desperate straits.

LETTING THE WATER INTO CULEBRA CUT

On October 10, at two o'clock in the afternoon, President Wilson pressed an electric button. Almost simultaneously watchers on the heights above the point where the Panama Canal enters the Culebra Cut saw what was perhaps the most dramatically satisfactory incident in the story of the American occupation of the Isthmus. The spark from the White House at Washington gave the signal to explode a great charge of dynamite buried in the Gamboa Dike, and breached the last barrier stretched across the prism of the Canal. The Culebra Cut is flooded; the final stage of construction has been reached. Now dredges from the Atlantic and the Pacific—passing up through the locks at Gatun, at Miraflores, and at Pedro Miguel—will take up their allotted work of finally subjugating those slides which have played so large a part in the battle between nature and the American engineers.

In contrast to the simple ceremony with which Colonel Goethals chose to signalize the act which made the completion of the Canal an ultimate certainty, it is interesting to recall the manner in which the magniloquent and ill-starred de Lesseps, under whose leadership so many brave and capable men went down to death and disaster, began the great work thirty-three years ago.

At a point on the future line of the Canal near Empire Station, in the year 1880, de Lesseps and a distinguished group of onlookers gathered to watch the blast that should mark the initial break in the backbone of the Isthmus.

"Was it prophetic?" asks Mr. Tracy Robinson, in his "Fifty Years at Panama." The Bishop had blessed the undertaking; "the champagne, duly iced, was waiting to cool the swelter of the tropic sun. There the crowd stood, breathless, ears stopped, eyes blinking, half in terror lest this artificial earthquake might involve general destruction." Mlle. de Lesseps pressed the button. "*But there was no explosion!* . . . With one accord everybody exclaimed 'Good gracious!' and hurried away lest after all the dynamite should see fit to explode."

Was M. de Lesseps's equanimity disturbed? Not at all. According to the message he sent back to France, the experiment was quite successful; the onlookers, he wrote, "hailed the explosion as the beginning of an immense series of labors that should have their termination in the opening of the interoceanic canal." "The rocks," he added, "were much less resistant than we had anticipated."

THE BALKAN ATROCITIES

Professor Samuel Train Dutton, of the Teachers College, New York City, has been the American representative of the International Commission to investigate the atrocities of the second Balkan war. Professor Dutton has now returned to this country, and though the report of the International Commission is not ready, he has authorized certain statements. These were first reported in the New York "Times," and have since been confirmed and strengthened by their

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author in a personal statement to The Outlook.

Contrary to the rumors of failure of the Commission's investigation in certain Balkan states, Professor Dutton said that not only had the work there been carried out successfully, but that the commissioners had been received most courteously everywhere, even by those nations which might have been thought to be specially opposed to the inquisitorial investigation planned by the Commission. Servia and Greece, indeed, refused to give official recognition to the Commission, but, according to Professor Dutton, the commissioners were able to accomplish as much there as, if not more than, if they had been under the guidance of a government official. "We were allowed to go everywhere and to question those we saw fit. We got depositions and statements from all sorts and conditions of men." The difficulty with Servia and with Greece, it appears, was entirely personal. Servia objected to the Russian commissioner because of criticisms he had made of Servia in the first war of the allies against Turkey, and Greece objected to the English commissioner for something he had written in adverse comment concerning that country. But these objections did not prevail, and the commissioners found great consideration in both countries.

"THE HALF HAS NOT BEEN TOLD"

While Professor Dutton is careful to say that he cannot anticipate the Commission's report, nor would he give any summary of the findings, as it had been agreed to keep the report confidential until it was ready to be given to the world, he does state that, "with all the stories of terrible atrocities in the Balkans that have been sent out by correspondents and travelers, the half has not been told." When the report itself does come out, added Professor Dutton, "the world will stand aghast that such things could happen in the twentieth century. . . . The world will be amazed that nations calling themselves Christian could, either through anger or greed, commit such barbarities on their fellow-men."

The charges made by the Greeks against the Bulgarians and the counter-charges of the Bulgarians against the Greeks have each, it seems, substantial basis in fact. But Professor Dutton explains that, as might be expected, "It was found that many persons high in authority in their respective countries knew very little of what the armies were actually doing on the field of battle." Certainly, as this witness affirms, there has not been a war in two hundred years in which the combatants fought with such ferocity. Nor was there ever an event, as he adds, so unnecessary and so uncalled for as the war in which those standing side by side in the struggle to drive the Turk out of Europe began afterwards to rend each other and to use every known process of extermination and devastation.

These statements of Professor Dutton will certainly sharpen the interest with which all will await the report of the International Commission. If we are not mistaken, it will represent the first attempt of an impartial international committee to determine not only the causes of atrocities arising from war, but all the causes and effects, whether economic or social or moral, of a great conflict.

War is sometimes necessary. But let us hope that the report will advance the cause of international peace by setting forth the actual wreck and ruin of all unnecessary war. Certainly, in so far as the atrocities connected with the second Balkan war were concerned, at least one of the Balkan peoples must now see that war is not always the best means of settling a boundary question.

THE RITUAL MURDER CASE

The extraordinary trial which is now going on at Kiev in Russia is a strange modern development of an ancient superstition, fanned to flame by race hatred and ignorance. The case seems to have fallen to pieces so far as any serious attempt at presenting evidence of a ritual murder is concerned. When the trial is completed, we shall hope to give a more extended account.

At present it may be noted that the charge of murder is made against a Jew by the name of Mendel Beiliss. The body of a boy named Yushinsky was found in a cave, and the evidence of violence was clear. It seems probable, from the testimony already given, that the boy was acquainted with members of a gang of desperate criminals, and that he was murdered because it was believed he had given information about their crimes. But all that was needed to set the local authorities in action

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against persons now believed to be perfectly innocent was a revival of that hateful persecution of the Jews which has been fostered by the Russian Government. Kiev has been the hotbed of the *pogrom* and race-rioting. It seems incredible at this day that any responsible prosecutors could lend ear to the assertion that the boy was killed as a sacrifice, and that the killing of Christian children for this purpose was a well-known Jewish practice!

This horrible tradition of ritual murder is indeed as old as it is false. It reaches back to the third, and perhaps even to the second, century of our era, and belief in it was indignantly repudiated by many early Christian writers. It seems to have grown in an insane way from the story of the Passover, and to have taken the form of belief that at Passover time Christian blood was used in Jewish rites. One form of the legend in the Middle Ages was that the Jews of one large province or district annually decided by lot which town in that district should be the scene of a ritual murder, and that it was then the duty of the Jews in that town to carry it out. Many lovers of English ballads will recall the story of "Hugh Lincoln," which is mentioned also by Chaucer. The myth appears in the mediæval literature of the Continent over and over again.

That in this supposedly enlightened age government officials, even in Russia, can be found to give it apparent credence for a single moment is the clearest possible proof of a condition of intolerance, superstition, and ill will.

THE AWAKENING OF THE FILIPINOS

No one speaks on the Philippines with greater authority than Bishop Brent. He is a thoroughgoing American, and he is also a devoted and disinterested friend of the Filipinos. He has their best interests at heart, and he also has very thorough knowledge of conditions in the islands. He is therefore a disinterested expert in any judgment with regard to the American policy in the Philippines. In a recent speech in New York he said that the Filipinos had long been awake. "What the Americans have done is to get the Filipinos out of bed. They are now instructing them how to dress themselves."

Only the Western peoples have had histories in the popular sense. Oriental nations as a rule have had only histories of dynasties. The great mass of the people have lived obscure and inconsequential lives, and the generations have vanished from memory like the grass of the field.

It is the spirit, the truth, and the personality of Christ, Bishop Brent declared, which have made it possible for the Western world to build up nations and to develop national consciousness. This is what Christianity is doing in the Philippines; and the Bishop declared his belief that the day will come when America can say with a clear conscience: "You have established your national life, you have developed your national consciousness. You may now assume entire charge of your own destinies." But he instantly added: "We must be sober and patient. Rome was not built in a day;" and he begged those theorists who insist on immediate autonomy to go and live among the Filipinos, even for a short time. The Filipino has already separated himself from the East. The only association he prizes is that with this country and with Europe. "We cannot afford, for his sake any more than for our own, to turn him adrift by giving him a privilege to-day which he has not the capacity to use."

Bishop Brent regards the recent executive order giving the Filipinos a majority in the Philippine Commission as a hazardous experiment. He does not think it a timely step; but he does think it legitimate, and the most conservative step in the direction of autonomy which the Government could take. It has, he holds, the advantage of being an executive order, and so keeping the whole question out of Congress, where its discussion at present would be a great misfortune. If the Filipinos show an inclination to abuse their power, the President by executive order may change the majority on the Commission from that of Filipinos to Americans. "America," said Bishop Brent, "has the opportunity of the ages in the Philippines." It is a task which demands not only the greatest statesmanship, but infinite patience.

THE EPISCOPAL GENERAL CONVENTION

The close of the second week of the General Convention marks a stage at which it is possible to discover the attitude of the Protestant Episcopal Church towards the pressing problems of the day. At the time of writing last week the

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Convention had hardly found itself. There was a deluge of notices of motion and a multitude of proposals for canonical and constitutional amendments, all of which were promptly remitted to committees for consid eration and report, and in the absence of discussion on the floor of the respective houses there was no means of gauging the mind of the Church. So far as the House of Bishops is concerned, that difficulty is still existent. The American episcopate still clings to secret sessions when a like privilege is not exercised by any other House of Bishops in the world. The policy of publicity, so strongly advocated by Bishop Potter in his lifetime, and supported by such leaders as Bishops Greer, Lawrence, and Brent, was again defeated after a debate prolonged over two sessions.

The socialist Bishop of Utah assailed the Convention as a convention of plutocrats. If so, they are singularly sensitive to social and industrial problems, for, so far, these have loomed more largely than purely ecclesiastical questions. The many-sided problems of marriage, including divorce and eugenics, have been under consideration, and they are remitted to a special commission for exhaustive inquiry and report. Then, too, the Convention has awakened to the paramount importance of religious education in its manifold phases. This has been exhaustively discussed in joint open session, mass-meeting, and conference, in its relations to the Sunday-school, the college, and the university. Leaders have realized that in the absence of Bible reading and moral instruction in the public schools an increasing responsibility is thrown upon the Church, and that the most pressing need of the hour is a radical reorganization of Sunday-school instruction and the inauguration of a thorough system of teacher training.

On the ecclesiastically domestic side the outstanding question of the change of the name of the Church is left unsettled, and it is determined that the question is not to be acted upon at this Convention. The fine spirit of Dr. Manning was shown in his proposal that no radical change should be made in the Prayer Book except by a two-thirds vote of the Convention, a proposal which increases the difficulty of making any change in the title of the Church. This proposal called forth an interesting but rather futile debate, significant chiefly because it showed the fine temper of the Convention and its determination that no differences of opinion shall arrest the growth and harmony of the Church. It was finally adopted by a non-party vote.

One thing is markedly evident in this Convention, and that is, a new sense of the vital importance of missions to the life of the Church. They are no longer apologetic. The joint sessions held in the cathedral in the interests of missionary work, the presentation of the Women's United Offering of more than $300,000, and the great mass-meeting in Carnegie Hall, all testify to a quickened apprehension of the imperial mission of the Gospel. In her devotion to the evangelization of the world the Church will find the wisdom and strength so sorely needed to grapple with her problem at home.

THE ALTMAN WILL

The will of the late Benjamin Altman is among the notable documents of our time. Mr. Altman had two enthusiasms—his dry-goods business and his collection of objects of art. These interests are reflected in his will. Mr. Altman was unmarried. After providing for his nephews and nieces he bestowed a number of large legacies upon charitable and educational institutions, including, we are glad to say, a hundred thousand dollars to the National Academy of Design, the income from which will be used for prizes to encourage artists. Mr. Altman then recognized the aid given to him in his business from certain particular faithful employees, and rewarded them with gifts of stock in the business. He next named many legacies for different sets of employees who had been connected with the business for twenty, eighteen, and fifteen years respectively. Next he provided for compensation to every one not included in the above classes who had been for some time connected with the business. Finally—and this is the chief matter of interest—Mr. Altman gave to the Altman Foundation, a charitable corporation founded by him and recently incorporated by legislative act, his capital stock (valued, it is said, at from twenty-five to thirty million dollars) in the corporation of B. Altman & Company.

The duties of the trustees or directors of the Altman Foundation are in part described as follows:

They shall have the power to adopt some general and effective system of profit-sharing

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by which the employees of any corporation a considerable amount of whose stock is held by this corporation may receive a benefit from the profits of the business of such other corporation or an interest in its stock, and to give and dispose of such stock or portions thereof in carrying out the same on such terms as such trustees shall approve.

Only one of the five trustees of the Foundation is to be an officer of B. Altman & Co., so that the independence of the Foundation from the corporation may be emphasized.

Mr. Altman urges upon the trustees that they continue the "style, manner, and system" under which he has conducted his business, and that they use the property and funds "in perpetuating, in so far as is necessary and proper, the good name, usefulness, and commercial success of the said corporation." In addition to the "liberal salaries" provided for, the system of profit-sharing will give to the employees "considerable interests" in the business. Funds are to be used "to improve the condition of the employees," and from time to time such profits as in the judgment of the trustees may not be required for these purposes may be appropriated and disposed of "for the benefit of such charitable and educational interests in the city of New York as said directors shall approve." Mr. Altman did not even name the institutions to be benefited. He leaves his trustees untrammeled in their choice, so that they may do good in the way which seems wise to them and for the largest good.

Such confidence in the trustees, together with such directions for the continuance of his business in a manner at once effective for it and humane both towards the employees and the charities of New York City, forms, we believe, an example to others who also would have their works follow them. That should not be enough. As in Mr. Altman's case, their works should not merely continue, but continue in the way mapped out by the one who started and fostered them.

THE ENRICHED METROPOLITAN MUSEUM

The second feature of the Altman will was the provision for the collection of works of art—the tapestries, rugs, porcelains, enamels, antique furniture, statuary, and paintings. No item of the thousand objects in this collection represents anything less than the best of its kind. The collection is therefore practically unique; it represents an exquisite entirety, and should be kept together.

A comparison with the famous Morgan collection comes naturally to mind. While the objects of the Morgan collection are much more numerous, more varied, and represent a far larger investment, the comparison shows a case of quality against quantity.

The value of the Altman collection is rated at from ten to fifteen million dollars. Housed by itself, the collection would take rank with the Wallace collection in London. Indeed, the preservation of the Altman collection as a whole was in the testator's mind. He gave the whole collection to the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City, but he also provided that in the event of its refusal a corporation to be called the "Altman Art Museum" should be formed to hold and exhibit the collection "for the use and benefit of all the people of the greater city of New York and their art education," either at the Altman residence, which would make a charming small museum, or at some other site, for which a rich endowment was assigned. Still, with the idea of keeping his objects of art together, Mr. Altman imposed upon the Museum the restriction that they should be displayed in rooms dedicated to them alone, and that in especial the pictures should be "hung on the line—that is, in a single line and not one above the other"—a condition easier to fulfill because there are relatively few paintings. How could there be many, all being of superlative quality? With this in view, the value of the Altman gift to the Museum is enhanced: first, because in the entire collection no object awakens suspicion as to its authenticity; secondly, because Mr. Altman had a rare instinct for quality, and therefore gathered only the world's best; and, finally, because the Museum could never have purchased such a wonderful collection out of its own funds.

With this latest gift the Metropolitan Museum of Art does indeed rank with the world's great galleries. The use of the Museum not only by New Yorkers but by constantly increasing numbers of visitors to the metropolis makes the gift really one to all the American people. It should play a distinct part in the growth of art education in this country. By such a gift Benjamin

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Altman has left an enduring monument to himself. In it, together with the Altman Foundation, we have the demonstration of a new broad and beautiful disposition of a great estate.

BOY SCOUTS AND THEIR PERIODICALS

Mr. Riis's article in this number on the Boy Scouts is one which we think will serve to explain perhaps in part at least why the Scout movement has proved of interest to all kinds of people. It is because of this universal interest in Boy Scouts that there is something appropriate in the sanction which Presidents of the United States have given to the movement. The two ex-Presidents of the United States are honorary Vice-Presidents of the Boy Scouts of America, and the President of the United States is the honorary President. It was a perfectly natural thing, therefore, for President Wilson to send to the nine million school-boys of the United States on their return to school this fall his greetings through the magazine published by the National Council of the Boy Scouts.

This magazine, "Boys' Life," is the sort of periodical that would be likely to interest boys anyway, but it is specifically and particularly interesting and useful to those boys who are members of a Scout troop. The copy that we happen to have before us is the one for last month, which contains a Boy Scout story, a football story, counsel to Scouts at school, President Wilson's greetings, advice as to what should be done when there is a fire and what should be done to prevent a fire from occurring, another short story, an installment of a continued story, a short tale which is to be told in moving pictures (of which more below), the account of what the Boy Scouts did at Gettysburg, a brief article on a natural history subject, items of information, including things that a boy should know how to do, and reports of various kinds as to what Scouts and other boys are doing in different parts of the world.

The moving-picture story of which mention has been made is one that has been prepared for exhibition all over the country. It is declared to be the longest film of a single subject that has ever been made in the United States. It shows in narrative form the various activities and aspects of the Scouts as described in the Scouts' handbook. This film is to be shown in various parts of the country under Scouts' auspices and will afford the local Scout organizations a chance for raising money as well as for informing people in an interesting way about the Boy Scouts and what they do.

"Boys' Life" is not the only periodical published by the Boy Scouts. There is a semi-monthly periodical called "Scouting." As "Boys' Life" is intended for the Scouts themselves, "Scouting" is intended for Scout masters and Scout officials and other adults interested in Boy Scouts and in the training of boys. According to a plan just adopted, this semi-monthly bulletin goes to each Scout master in return for the money sent in by the local councils in a certain fixed and specified proportion of the membership fees. The arrangement for such membership fees and for the payment of a proportion of them to headquarters was put into effect on October 1. It is one which gives a new coherence to the whole movement, though it by no means relieves the National officials from the necessity of raising money for the National movement by voluntary contributions.

A generation ago such a movement as this Scout movement would have seemed impossible. To-day, however, each community is becoming more and more a family of families, and men are finding out that taking an interest in all the boys in the community does not detract from, but rather adds to, the acquaintance and sympathy which each may have with the boys of his own family.

SARAH PORTER

At Farmington, Connecticut, last week, over seven hundred of Miss Sarah Porter's former pupils gathered at the school which she founded, to honor the hundredth anniversary of her birth. The influence of this teacher has permeated every section of the United States, and no distance was too remote for those who felt that influence to return to the New England town to participate in this reunion.

Miss Porter passed her life quietly in the village in which she was born, shunning notoriety of any sort. A daughter of Noah Porter and a sister of President Porter, of Yale, inheriting the best New England traditions, and reared in the atmosphere of learning, she combined scholarship with culture.

But her influence was found not in these things as much as in what, for want of a better term, may be called her intense spirituality. Sarah Porter walked with God in living

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sympathy and helpfulness to those about her. As she was wont to say, hers was "a service to Him who is the source of all our love." Thus she inspired her pupils, and through them her influence is being passed on to future generations. This is what education should ultimately mean—an attitude, an influence, the building of character. Miss Porter might have conducted a school for girls simply because hers was a great intellect. But she was aiming at something else.

To her each girl was an individual soul intrusted to her care to be influenced. Miss Porter created character by appealing directly to the best in the individual girl before her. That girl, seeing her teacher's faith in her and ideals for her, tried to realize them, and often did so. This training of the individual spirit is an even greater necessity in this age than in Sarah Porter's. It demands something more than the resources of mind and heart. It can be done ideally only by those who, like Sarah Porter, also put soul into their work.

REGINALD HEBER FITZ

Outside of the medical profession probably not many are familiar with the name of Reginald Heber Fitz. Yet there is scarcely any one in this country—except perhaps those who live in the most sparsely settled and isolated regions—who either has not himself experienced or does not know some one in his own family or among his intimate circle of friends who has experienced the benefit which Dr. Fitz has conferred upon humanity.

It was Dr. Fitz whose powers of observation, prolonged study, analysis, and reasoning discovered, among a number of apparently unrelated symptoms, a common cause which he named appendicitis. Before his discovery these various symptoms and their accompanying lesions were treated medically. What Dr. Fitz did—if we may use somewhat inaccurate lay terms—was to find out that what seemed to be a number of baffling diseases that would often not yield to medical treatment were all different guises of one disease that would yield to surgical treatment. Nowadays the operation for appendicitis is not regarded as serious if it is undertaken in time. The number of lives that have been saved because of this discovery and the host of fears banished can no more be numbered or measured than the waves of the sea.

This, of course, was not Dr. Fitz's only service. He has been called the foremost physician of his time in the United States, and has been termed by the President of the Surgical Division of the British Medical Association "that incomparable clinician." For many years he was Professor of Pathology at the Harvard Medical School, and thereafter Professor of the Practice of Physic. During all those years he was connected with the Massachusetts General Hospital. When he died, at seventy years of age, on September 30, he was Professor Emeritus in the Harvard Medical School.

It is a curious fact, and interesting, that Dr. Fitz, who was naturally of a conservative temperament, should have brought about by his discovery one of the most radical changes in therapeutics, and that, although he was not a surgeon, but a student and practitioner of medicine, his most important contribution was not to medicine but to surgery.

TEN YEARS OF AVIATION

Most people can remember when the act of flying was considered the height of the impossible, when to say, "Why, I could no more do that than fly," was the commonest expression of utter incapacity. There are yet human beings inhabiting inaccessible and uncivilized portions of the globe who are not aware that man has defied the law of gravitation and outdone the birds in their own element, but the rest of us have had to fall back upon perpetual motion as a good working illustration of mechanical impossibility. To-day any one of average intelligence and courage can learn to fly, and the to-morrow is not far distant when the perfection of the passenger-carrying aeroplane will enable any one to venture into the air with as much assurance as men now go forth upon the face of the ocean.

The elapse of a decade since Wilbur Wright made the first flight in a heavier-than-air power-driven flying-machine finds the science of aviation still progressing by leaps and bounds. At the Wright Memorial Aviation Meet held on Staten Island, New York, on the 13th of this month, in commemoration of that flight of 852 feet by Wilbur Wright at Kitty Hawk, North Carolina, on December 17, 1903, five aviators flew around Manhattan Island, a distance of

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sixty miles, half of the way in the teeth of a forty-three-mile-an-hour gale—a feat that they all agreed would have been considered impossible only a year ago.

A world's record in aviation that stands a week is doing well. According to cable despatches, on September 24 Roland G. Garros established a world's distance record for continuous flight by skimming across the Mediterranean, a distance of 588 miles, in seven hours and forty-five minutes. Six days later the record for speed fell before Maurice Prévost, who hurtled through space to the extent of 124.28 miles in 59 minutes 43$\frac{3}{5}$ seconds—a rate of more than two miles a minute. The French airman Pereyon, on March 12 last, soared up to a height of 19,650 feet, or as high as the summit of a very considerable mountain. Before the fliers for altitude attempt to surpass this mark let them stop and consider the fate of the first of their kind, Icarus!

More significant of the utilitarian possibilities of the aeroplane than these height and speed records was the feat of the German aviator, Arthur Faller, who on January 3 of this year flew sixty-six minutes with five passengers.

For several years the French have led the world in aviation, and there is little likelihood of America regaining her lost laurels until the airman's skill is encouraged to as great an extent by the Government and the general public here as it is in France. It is a satisfaction to remember, however, that America gave the world the Wright brothers, two men whose names will be remembered long after the names of the "circus" performers who are breaking records every day have been forgotten.

THE LEIPSIC EXHIBITION

One reason why the German Government is reluctant to take part in the Pan-Pacific Exhibition may be found in the fact that our Government has not participated in exhibitions in Germany, and, in especial, has not indicated that it would accept the German Government's invitation to take part in the International Exhibition of Book Industry and Graphic Arts to be held at Leipsic next year. This particular exhibition is under the patronage of the King of Saxony, and has the financial backing of the Government of that kingdom and of the city of Leipsic, the most important commercial city in the kingdom, and for ages the home of great fairs. The aim of the forthcoming fair is to show the influence of the graphic arts on general education, and to bring about a friendly international competition in the book industry and in those arts. The plan of the exhibition provides for the following groups:

1. Free Graphic Arts.
2. Applied Graphic Arts.
3. Instruction in the Industries of the Book Trade.
4. Paper Manufacture.
5. The Working-up of Paper.
6. Manufacture of Colors.
7. Photography.
8. Technics of Reproduction.
9. Letter-cutting, Type-founding and allied trades, Stereotypy and Electrotypy.
10. Printing Process.
11. Bookbinding.
12. Publishing, Retail and Commission Book-trading.
13. Newspaperdom and Intelligence Department, Methods of Advertising and Canvassing.
14. Library Business, Bibliography, Bibliophilism, and Collections.
15. Machinery, Apparatus, Materials, and Implements for the Entire Printing Industry.
16. Measures for the Protection and Benefit of the Workpeople.

These groups, to be further subdivided into many classes, will be explained in such a way as to stimulate the uninstructed to an interest in the development in the various branches of the book industry by explanations suited to the general intelligence. To this end there will be workshops in going order, models and apparatus, and cinematograph performances.

Numerous congresses and meetings of learned societies connected with the book industry, of librarians and bibliophiles, of collectors and lovers of the fine arts, of authors, journalists, stenographers, and photographers, will form part of the exhibition. This is as it should be, for there is hardly any field of intellectual activity not in some way connected with the graphic arts and industries.

As this exhibition will reflect credit on Saxony in particular and on Germany in general, the German Government offered to invite the attention of foreign governments to the enterprise so as to introduce a proper international participation. There has been a generous response. The French Government has appropriated $100,000 for its necessary Government building; Switzerland, $10,000 for its building; and even Turkey, despite two Balkan wars, has made an appropriation. England, Austria, Holland, Belgium, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Egypt, Japan,

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China, and Brazil have also replied favorably. Why should we be unrepresented? Does our State Department realize that this exhibition will doubtless be the most important and complete assembling of the graphic processes and work yet held? Does Congress realize this? Certainly the prestige of American printing should have a chance to assert itself at Leipsic.

THE LOSS OF THE ZEPPELIN L-2

The most frightful tragedy in the history of aviation took place on Friday of last week when the new German naval air-ship the Zeppelin L–2 on its trial trip exploded in some unexplained way while it was about a thousand feet above the suburbs of Berlin. Twenty-seven of the passengers and crew perished instantly, and the remaining one met an agonizing death on the ground. Among the victims were several members of the German Admiralty Board who were taking part in the test before the final acceptance of the air-ship for the navy. This terrible disaster, following the destruction of Zeppelin L-1 in a storm last March, is a serious blow to Germany's belief in the dirigible as an almost secure instrument of war. The Emperor could only say, when he heard of the calamity, "It is God's will. Germany must be strong and bear it courageously." There have been many wrecks of this form of air-ship, the first of which was built in 1901; but until last March there had been no loss of life. The whole world will extend its sympathy to Germany and to those upon whom this appalling loss of life falls most nearly. With characteristic courage and steadfastness, one of the leading German newspapers declares that "the loss of L-2 must not in the slightest degree shatter our confidence in the ability of the Zeppelin ships to lead us to victory."

NICHOLAS II LAND

Those days when the earth could be likened to a grab-bag lying open to the hand of the bravest adventurer have long since passed. Even the alluring blank spaces planted in the midst of lands whose borders are fully known have almost vanished from the pages of our geographies. The great prizes of discovery have gone; what still remains belongs rather to science than to old-fashioned romance.

The news that a new land has been discovered north of Siberia, therefore, is an item of more than momentary interest. It is a Russian naval commander to whom the world owes this addition to its stock of terrestrial knowledge.

"According to a despatch from St. Michael, Alaska," says the New York "Sun," "where Commander Wilkitsky with the flagship Taimyr and her consort the Waygatch put in on October 9, the new land was sighted in latitude 81° north and longitude 104° east (date not given). No exploration seems to have been made, but Commander Wilkitsky went ashore, raised the Russian flag, and named the territory Nicholas II Land. Tracks of reindeer were found, and bears, walrus, and many birds were seen. The vegetation was meager. A cruise was made northwesterly to 81° north, 96° east, where pack ice prevented progress. The shore line was then followed southeasterly to 79° north and 104° east, where the coast turned northeasterly. That is the extent of our information about Nicholas II Land."

As the "Sun" points out, it is not possible that this land is of any considerable extent, for Nansen, during the years 1895 and 1896, in his attempt to drift with the ice-pack across the Pole, passed just north of this region without finding a trace of that land which the Russian naval officer has now named for his Czar.

THREE MILLION YEARS OLD

An important discovery has been made in New Mexico by members of the staff of the American Museum of Natural History, New York City. This discovery is that of the complete skeleton of a mammal. President Osborn, of the Museum, says of it, "The mastodon is like a thing of yesterday compared with it." The mammal in question is the ectoconus. It lived about three million years ago! In fact, according to Dr. Osborn, it is thousands of years older than any other mammal skeleton discovered up to the present. This skeleton will take its place as one of the Museum's most treasured possessions. The skeleton was discovered, so we learn from President Osborn, in a stratum not far away from that in which the remains of the dinosaur of the reptilian period were found. This would indicate that the ectoconus followed shortly after the close of the reptilian period. It thus rounds out a very little known period in the world's history.

Judging by its skeleton, the ectoconus some-

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what resembles the wolf in size and contour; it was peculiar to the North American continent, and is of a type no longer existing. The skeleton was discovered about two thousand feet below the surface of the earth; this was also interesting, for remains of the next existing mammals have in the past been found at about twelve hundred feet below the surface. The latest previous discovery was made in an arid region. Scientists believe, however, that when the ectoconus lived the region was traversed by a stream in size and shape somewhat like the Orinoco.

But this is by no means the only item in the season's record for the experts. In western Nebraska, where an American Museum party has been at work, the bottom of an old stream was exposed through the use of nitro-glycerine, and here skeletons were discovered of the moropus—an animal larger than the rhino—and also specimens of the pygmy rhino; they existed in a period half-way between that of the mastodon and the ectoconus. By such discoveries as the above we are being made vividly acquainted with the very remote ages.

WHAT ARE YOU GOING TO DO ABOUT IT?

With the removal of William Sulzer from his office as Governor of New York the powers that rule through Tammany Hall have attained their object. The fact that Mr. Sulzer was not only morally culpable in some of the things that he did but also extremely unwise made the attainment of that object comparatively easy. The fact that at the crucial moment Mr. Sulzer's courage failed him made the attainment of that object still easier. The fact that the offenses which Mr. Sulzer committed were of such a nature as to supply not merely to his political opponents, but even to supposedly impartial judges, reasonable ground for voting for his removal made the attainment of that object possible without the straining of the law. *It is not the fault of a locomotive* that a man thrown on its tracks is run over; but the person who throws him onto the tracks may be held accountable, and none the less so because the man who is run over has by his carelessness or other fault placed himself where he is at the mercy of his assailant. Respect for the High Court of Impeachment is entirely consistent with the view that it would never have been called into being, and therefore never would have removed Mr. Sulzer, if it had not been for acts of his in the public interest which offended the powers that rule through Tammany.

If Mr. Sulzer had been a complaisant servant of Tammany Hall, he would never have been impeached.

It was because, for some reason, William Sulzer declined to do Tammany's bidding, advocated measures which Tammany opposed, refused to appoint men whom Tammany wished to place in power, that Tammany, which controls the Assembly, put into motion the impeachment proceedings.

It should not be forgotten, moreover, that Tammany's power in the Senate of New York is undeniable. It is this Senate which tried Senator Stilwell, a Tammany Senator, and acquitted him—a Senator since convicted by a jury in a court of law and sent to prison for the same offense which the Senate did not think serious enough to warrant his removal from that body. This is the Senate which constitutes the preponderant element in the High Court of Impeachment which has convicted Governor Sulzer. Senator Stilwell was a good Tammany man. Governor Sulzer was a Tammany man who refused to be "good." It is not too much to say that if the people of the State of New York conclude that the verdict of the Court of Impeachment was just, it will be largely because votes for that verdict were cast by judges of the Court of Appeals. The people of the State of New York have no more reason for confidence in the character of the present Senate of the State than they have in the character of the Assembly. Both branches of the Legislature are Democratic; and in each branch the majority is under the control of representatives of Tammany.

In bringing about the removal of William Sulzer from the Governorship, Tammany Hall has flung down a challenge to the people of the city of New York, to the people of the State of New York, and to the people of the Nation.

Not since the days of Tweed has Tammany displayed such confidence in its own power.

Not since the days of Tweed have Tammany Hall and its allies among its alleged opponents appeared to believe so serenely that the people were indifferent or blind.

For a year and more this self-confidence on the part of Tammany has been obvious to those who have eyes to see. In the Balti-

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more Convention last July, when the progressive wing of the Democratic party was bringing about the nomination of its candidate for the Presidency and when Mr. Bryan was winning what seemed to the country a great moral victory, the New York delegates were a compact body skillfully and openly led by the Tammany chieftain; and it was clear to the unbiased observer that at the end of that Convention the Tammany element, both within the State and in its relation to similar machines in other States, was stronger than ever. Again Tammany showed its self-confidence in the State convention. The nomination of Mr. Sulzer was one of the most astute achievements of Tammany's astute chieftain. If there was any doubt of that fact at the time—though we had none—it has been proved by the events of the year. Now Tammany Hall is again showing its self-confidence by its conduct in the municipal campaign in New York. The issue which it had most reason to regard as dangerous it has eliminated by persuading Mr. Whitman, the Republican District Attorney, to become the Tammany candidate for re-election. For Mayor it has not nominated men with reputations for reform, as it did when it nominated Mr. Edward M. Shepard and Mr. William Jay Gaynor; it has nominated a man against whom disloyalty to Tammany has never been charged even when he was on the bench, a man whose intimacy with those high in the counsels of Tammany is a matter of no concealment, a man whose relations with one of the insurance companies before the insurance investigation gave him ample opportunity of knowing at first hand concerning that connection between politics and business which is the bane of good business and the despair of clean politics. For the other officers in the municipal government Tammany Hall has nominated men who can be trusted—by Tammany.

Could there be any clearer evidence that Tammany Hall believes that its position is impregnable? Could there be any clearer evidence that Tammany Hall expects to have the people retain it in power?

Is this because the record of Tammany has recently been better than usual? On the contrary, ever since the election of John A. Dix by the grace of Tammany Hall, Tammany methods of government have been practiced with, if possible, more than usual effrontery. Indeed, one of the offenses for which William Sulzer incurred the enmity of Tammany has been his investigations into the corrupt workings of the Highway Department. When a contractor engaged in work for the city pays a Tammany man thirty thousand dollars for advice, it might be supposed that the people of the city would be stirred; but they are not, because they expect nothing else than that sort of thing from Tammany Hall.

Is Tammany Hall, then, a sinner above all other political organizations? Certainly not a different kind of sinner, but perhaps, of all, the ablest. The sort of thing that the Tammany organization does is in no respect different in kind from the sort of thing that the Republican organization does. One of the strongest assets of the Tammany organization has proved time and again to be the Republican machine.

What are you going to do about it?

That was Tweed's question. It is a good question for these times. Tammany controls the Legislature. Tammany has just proved that it controls the Governorship. How far Tammany controls the judges and the juries in the courts of the city and the State we do not know; it would probably require an uncomfortable process for any one to find out. Perhaps some have already found it out to their discomfiture.

How long is this sort of thing to continue?

It all depends upon the voters in the city and the State.

Tammany expects them to continue it for some time longer. It expects them to put Tammany Hall in control of the city of New York.

It expects them to keep Tammany Hall in control of the Assembly and the Senate of the State, if not directly, at least indirectly by returning a sufficient number of its Republican allies to make a working agreement possible.

Heretofore the voters of New York have had to choose, as a rule, between two machines, one of which sometimes dared to be too bad, the other of which not often dared to be as bad as it wished to be. This year the voter is no longer confined to this choice. If he votes to put in power the one machine or the other, it will be because he is either too indifferent or too selfish or too ignorant to vote against both. If the people of New York want the kind of government that Tammany Hall gives, they can have it. If they get it and do not like it, no one will be to blame but themselves.

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PRINCE KATSURA

Prince Taro Katsura, who died in Tokyo on the 10th inst. after a long illness, was a man of exceptional ability and vigor. All things considered, he was probably the most competent man in public life in Japan; and his death at this moment is a great loss to a country which during the past few years has suffered severely from the disappearance of a number of its leaders during the transition period: the late Emperor, Prince Ito, General Nogi, and Marquis Komura. When the death of Prince Katsura was announced, a Japanese of great influence said, "This ends an era." The Elder Statesmen who survive are all beyond seventy years of age; and, although Prince Oyama is still a very vigorous man, he is concerned almost entirely with army affairs.

Prince Katsura was a connecting link between the group of statesmen who steered Japan through the stages of her transition from the old to the new order.

Born in 1847, he was twenty-one years old when the restoration took place. His army experience began when he was a mere boy, and at the close of the struggle which restored the Empire to supreme power he held the rank of major. This early experience coincided with his tastes, and he went to Berlin at his own expense for the study of military science. On his return to Japan he received a commission as captain. In 1875 he went back to Berlin as Military Attaché of the Japanese Legation. Three years later he was recalled to Tokyo to become a member of the General Staff of the army, and was soon after advanced to the rank of colonel. Prince, then Marshal, Oyama, commander-in-chief of the Japanese forces in the war with Russia, attached the young Katsura to his staff, and was accompanied by him on an inspection of the armies of Europe in 1884–5. A year later Katsura became major-general, and then Chief of the Bureau of Military Affairs in the War Department. The following year he became Vice-Minister of War; and in the war with China, which began in 1900, he was advanced to the position of lieutenant-general. His ability and efficiency during the struggle gave him a national reputation, and he received the title of Viscount as an expression of the Emperor's recognition of his services.

Prince Katsura's military advancement was succeeded by almost equally rapid political advancement. He three times held the position of Premier, his first term of service dating from 1901 to 1905. He succeeded Prince Ito, perhaps the foremost modern public man in Japan. From 1896 to 1898 he served as Governor-General of Formosa, which the Japanese had secured as one of the fruits of their victory over China. In this difficult position Prince Katsura displayed conspicuous executive ability. In 1901 he became Premier for the first time. He was in office during one of the most critical periods in modern Japanese history—the period of the war with Russia. His tireless energy, his indomitable will, and his intimate knowledge of military affairs gave him exceptional competence as head of the Japanese Ministry during a period of difficulties unparalleled in the history of the country. It was during this period also that the Anglo-Japanese treaty was negotiated, a diplomatic achievement of very great importance, which gave him an immense prestige throughout the Empire. Prince Katsura became Premier for the third time in December, 1912, but he remained in office only about two months. At the close of his second term he practically announced his retirement from active politics by accepting a position of the first importance in the Court, which brought him in close contact with the Emperor. The inner history of the overthrow of the Cabinet of Marquis Saionji is not known. There were those who declared that Prince Katsura had tired of his position as a Court official; that he had created the condition which forced the resignation of Marquis Saionji, the head of the Seiyukwai, or Liberal, party, then in a majority in the Diet.

It is not necessary to explain the details of the conditions in which Prince Katsura became Premier for the third time. He had always been suspected and accused of a leaning toward militarism. The Minister of War had urged the enlargement of the army by the creation of two additional divisions. Japan has a national debt of a thousand million dollars, which imposes a very heavy burden on the Japanese people. This debt was contracted largely for the national defense or for national improvements; but of late there has been growing restiveness under the burden; and the proposal to increase the army, involving as it would a very heavy addition to the national expenditures, met with very vigorous popular protest. The Premier and other members of the Saionji Cabinet refused to follow the lead of the

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Minister of War, and the Prime Minister resigned. Prince Katsura's succession was unpopular from the start; and after a stormy two months, during which the sessions of the Diet were repeatedly suspended, he resigned, and was succeeded by Admiral Count Yamamoto, the present Premier, who took office after securing the support of the Liberal party.

Under the Japanese Constitution, the Ministry is responsible, not to the Diet, or Parliament, but to the Emperor. There has been a growing determination on the part of the Japanese people to have a more authoritative voice in the direction of national affairs. This is not in any sense a movement against the Imperial house; and the newspaper interpretation of the riots in Tokyo last January as protests against the Imperial rule were wide of the truth. The fact is that one of the grounds of criticism of Prince Katsura was that he had imposed on the inexperience of the Emperor, and had secured Imperial edicts in such a way as to bring the Imperial power for the first time within the arena of party politics. The growth of parties in Japan, in the English and American sense, has been slow; but it is quite clear that the time has already come when the Ministry must depend upon the support of the Diet.

Prince Katsura was bred under the old traditions, but his position was much in advance of that of Prince Ito; and that he recognized clearly that larger authority must be given to popular opinion is evidenced by the fact that on his resignation from the Premiership for the third time he immediately proceeded to organize a new party. In this he was aided by Baron Goto, one of the most vigorous men in public life.

It is too early to predict the political effect of the death of Prince Katsura, but it is quite evident that the movement for a larger share by the people in determining public policies will not be arrested. It is not a radical movement. Apparently Japan is moving in the direction of the English system, under which the monarch stands above the parties, while the rule of the people is assured. The Radicals, led by Mr. Osaka, a man of character and of a brilliant mind, need greater maturity of political experience before the direction of public affairs could be placed in their hands. Baron Sakatani, the Mayor of Tokyo, is a fine representative of what may be called conservative progressiveness in Japan; he is a man of high character, vigorous mind, and practical ability. Japan needs statesmanship of a very high order, not only because of the development of her internal political life, but because of the difficulties of her situation in regard to foreign nations. Cool judgment, intimate knowledge of affairs, and breadth of view are needed by men who are to deal successfully with all the complicated questions which Japan has to solve in Russia, Manchuria, and other fields. Prince Katsura's sound judgment was shown in his refusal in framing the platform of the new party, to make any capital out of the momentary feeling of resentment created by the passage of the Webb Land Bill.

WHO IS RESPONSIBLE?

In travel everything is secondary to safety. When, therefore, in any dispute between the managers and employees of a railway there arises the question of public safety, the question of dividends and the question of wages, and even the question of the convenience and comfort of those engaged in the operation of the road, must be relentlessly put into the background until the question of public safety is settled. This is so plain that it does not seem possible that any body of people, whether stockholders or managers or employees, could consider for an instant that it should be ignored.

In every issue that arises at this time on the New York, New Haven, and Hartford Railroad there is necessarily involved the question of public safety. In the chapter of accidents which was brought, we fervently hope, to a close on the morning after Labor Day there is written that lesson in the blood of victims and in the grief of many a family.

Now it happens that there is a question at issue on the New Haven road between the managers on the one hand, and on the other hand the members of the engineers' and firemen's brotherhoods. Of this dispute we gave some account last week. The subject at issue consists of new regulations regarding the appointment of engineers and firemen. To these regulations which the management of the road has drawn up the engineers' and firemen's organizations object, on the ground that for seniority as a prime consideration in the selection of engineers and firemen for passenger service the new regulations substitute "fitness, ability, previous service, and seniority." Of course in determining fitness and abil-

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ity there are stipulated certain tests, including a physical examination, and in the application of these regulations responsibility is put upon the division superintendent. Under him, however, certificates of competency are made out by the road foreman of engines and master mechanic. It is to these tests and to the opportunity for men in authority to exercise their discretion that the engineers and firemen object. They demand the continuance of the rule of seniority. They object to being subject to transfer from one run to another. They naturally fear favoritism; and they naturally wish to avoid any arrangement which is likely at any time to take a man away unexpectedly from that part of the railway that is near his home. Last week we said that a statement was promised to us by the officials of the engineers' and firemen's unions. That statement has now come to us. We quote from it:

> Many years ago, before the recognition of seniority principles, firemen and engineers were assigned to advanced grades of service; firemen were promoted to the position of engineer with but little regard to previous experience on locomotives. If the senior, or older, fireman desired to be promoted to engineer, and either did not stand in with the master mechanic, or did not care to submit to corrupt methods or those of extortion, his desires in the matter received scant attention. . . .
>
> A division embraces large territory with many cities and towns in which trains are started from and terminated. These trains are grouped into runs, and furnish employment for a limited number of engineers and firemen at such points. The desire of the railroad man to maintain a home for himself and family is just as intense and deep with him as it is in men engaged in any other calling. If he is fortunate enough to own his humble dwelling, his desire to live therein is not a matter for criticism; and if there are children to educate, it is preferable that the home be not disturbed during the school life. . . .
>
> In the many years that seniority has been tried it has been found to be the best possible assurance to not only engineers and firemen, but to the other members of the train crew, the trainmen and conductors. It is proven to be the only acceptable corrective to previous intolerable conditions. It has done away with favoritism. It has placed every man upon his merit. It encourages men to educate themselves for greater responsibilities. It rewards them with advancement to better positions, provided they can pass required examinations. It is the most positive assurance to the company that men of efficiency, and this means men of longest experience, will be placed in charge of important or preferred trains.

We have quoted at such length from this statement because we wish to put, as fully as we can in limited space, the principal arguments offered by the representatives of the men.

In this dispute the men, or at least their official representatives, have overlooked one fundamental truth.

Every calling has certain requirements that are paramount. Of the newspaper reporter it is required that he be subject to irregular hours of work; of the soldier that he willingly endure hardship, danger, wounds, and death; of the fireman, either in a volunteer or a regular fire department, that he be ready at all hours of the day or night to risk his life for the rescue of not only other lives, but even property, from the flames. If a man does not want to pledge himself to endure hardship, he had better not be a soldier; if he does not wish to fight against fire to the last extremity, he had better not join the fire department; and if he objects seriously to irregular hours, he had better not be a newspaper reporter.

So a man who decides to take employment on a railway is required to subject himself to certain requirements necessary to the regular and safe operation of trains. Such operation involves inconvenience and often hardship. How severe that hardship is few people who travel on the railway appreciate. Seated comfortably in the well warmed and lighted cars, travelers by rail seldom think of the trainman who has to take his lantern at a moment's notice through the driving sleet that he may protect them from collision, or of the engineer who has to drive his engine through the blinding snow or fog. They do not realize the privation which the conductor, the trainman, the fireman, the engineer, has to endure in a calling that takes him from his family even when wife or child may be on the bed of death. The trains must be moved on time. There is something inexorable about the duties laid on the men who operate railway trains that is hardly to be found in the duties of any other vocation. This is something that makes it right that railway employees should be well rewarded for their work. Nothing in the life of the soldier calls for more patient heroism than that which is likely at any time to befall the railway employee. This, however, is something that a man must take into account when he enters the railway service. After entering it, and as long as he remains in it, he is morally bound to submit to its requirements. To the end that these requirements

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be enforced there must be final responsibility reposed in the management of the railway. And wherever there is responsibility there must be authority.

Under the present industrial system, the management of a railway is in the hands of the representatives of its owners. Whether that system is a good system or not is a question that is a fair subject for debate. But, good or bad, that is the present system; and as long as it lasts those who have under it the responsibility for managing the railway must have corresponding authority. That the managers are held responsible by the public and the public's representatives has been made plain by the recent history of the New Haven Railroad; and it is from the managers that the public expects whatever action is necessary for the rehabilitation of the road. And as an indispensable part of that action the public, through Federal and State Commissions, has called for adequate regulations for the selection of competent men to operate the trains. It is reasonable and just, then, for the public also to expect that the management shall be free to take that action.

The management, under the new President, has taken this action in issuing new regulations, which make seniority only one of the factors, instead of the chief factor, in determining fitness. In this the management is acting on sound principles. Seniority does not necessarily insure fitness. This is equally true in the army and the navy as in the operation of railways. It is not necessarily even a presumption of fitness. Whatever danger there is of favoritism must be guarded against in some other way than by the impracticable and rigid application of a seniority rule.

This is not, it is needless to say, a defense of absolutism in railway management. If there is injustice, the men ought to be heard; not by means of a strike, nor by methods that disrupt the orderly operation and discipline of the road, but by appeal to a body that represents the interests of the public.

There is but one answer to the question, Who is responsible for the safety of passengers on the railway? It is the management. Wise self-interest, as well as public spirit, should impel the employees of the railway to do nothing which will impair the responsibility of the management by impairing its freedom to command and direct its forces.

LETTERS TO UNKNOWN FRIENDS

I long ago discarded my childhood conception of God as King, and have ever since been trying to build a satisfactory conception of him as a Universal Presence. Let me ask, Do you endow the Universal Presence with a mind and will? If so, how can you separate these from a person? If not, how do you explain the divinity of Christ, and how do you account for the efficacy of prayer?

Your experience is a common one—so common that it is almost universal among educated people. The old conception of God as a King seated on a great white throne somewhere in the center of the universe can no longer be entertained by thoughtful men and women. The conception of God as the Universal Presence in whom we live and move and have our being, who is manifested to us in Jesus Christ, but who is more than the sum of all his manifestations, is gradually taking its place. Such a conception of the Universal Presence is inconsistent with a limited and localized God, but not with a Personal God.

The conception which we are losing was never consistent with the teaching of the Old Testament Scriptures. It is true that in the dramatic poetry of the Bible God is localized. He is thus interpreted in the opening chapter of the Book of Job: "There was a day when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, and Satan came also among them." But it is hardly consistent with the closing chapters of the same drama. It is wholly inconsistent with the declaration of Solomon in his prayer of dedication, "Behold, the heaven and heaven of heavens cannot contain thee:" inconsistent with the declaration of Isaiah, "The heaven is my throne, and the earth is my footstool;" inconsistent with the declaration of the Psalmist, "If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there: if I make my bed in hell, behold, thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me."

It is impossible to harmonize the first chapter of Job with the prayer of Solomon, the Hundred and Thirty-ninth Psalm, the sixty-sixth chapter of Isaiah. We cannot conceive of God as a King who sends out messengers to bring him word of what is going on throughout his kingdom, and at the same time conceive of him as a being whom the heaven of heavens cannot contain, who is

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equally present in heaven and in hell, whose personality fills alike the heaven and the earth. The conception in Job, like the conception in Milton's "Paradise Lost," is the dramatic imagination of a poet; the conception of Solomon's prayer, the Psalmist's ode, and Isaiah's address is the conception of the devout soul testifying to his own experience of God. Who cannot recall how in his childhood he was puzzled by these two incongruous conceptions: the one of a King in a local heaven, listening to praises from an angelic host and sending out messengers to do his bidding; the other, of a God who was present, watching every step, hearing every word, recognizing and recording every thought?

The conception of God as a localized Deity who can be represented in an image or idol is the common pagan conception. Against it the Old Testament prophets were continually warring, from the time when Moses asked for the name of the God who gave to him his mission and received for answer, "Say unto the children of Israel, I AM hath sent me unto you." Whether the image made to represent God was a golden calf or a gigantic man, whether it was gold or silver or brass or stone or wood, was unimportant. It is equally unimportant whether the image is material or immaterial, a statue carved in stone or a mental statue carved by the imagination and seen only by the artist who has conceived it. What image shall we form of God? None! He is not to be imaged.

Personality is wholly independent of locality, wholly independent of form. Will and intelligence do not depend upon a body. When in the body, their power to operate does not depend upon the presence of the body. An orator sways by his personality an audience, and sways alike those in the outermost and those in the innermost circle. His voice carries the power of his personality to the remotest hearer. I was once taken suddenly ill three hundred miles from our family physician. My wife called him up on the long-distance telephone. She afterwards said, "I never was so relieved in my life as when I heard his voice responding to my call." His personality was as effective as if he had come bringing his body with him into the room. No wire is necessary for this transmission of personality—of intelligence and will. Through the wireless telegraphy thought and will are transmitted by an invisible messenger. It is entirely conceivable that the time may come when we shall be able to communicate with the inhabitants of Mars—not probable, but conceivable. "The ether of space," says Sir Oliver Lodge, "is the great engine of continuity. Without it there could hardly be a material universe at all. It is the one all-permeating substance that binds the whole of the particles together." It is this ether which carries the light from the most distant stars to our planet. It is this ether which carried the wireless calls for help from the burning Volturno. It is this ether which we know is a medium for conveying counsel, command, the cry for help, the response of good cheer—in brief, the messages of intelligence and will-power from man to man. If by this medium man can see what he sees and hear what he hears, surely it is not impossible to conceive an invisible Spirit who through this medium is everywhere present in the universe, as the spirit of man is everywhere present through the medium of his nerves in every part of his body, and in the power of his personality at distances hundreds of miles remote from his body.

Do you ask me, then, How do you conceive of God? I answer: I have no image of Him, and I wish for none. I conceive of a Spirit of life and love, who pervades the universe with his personality, who is the source of all power and the secret of all life; I conceive that in him we live and move and have our being; I conceive that we, his children, are made in his image, that we have sprung from him as sparks spring from the forge, and derive our life from him as branches derive their life from the vine; that in all brave and noble men and women, in all innocent, loving children, his life is manifested to us; and most of all is manifested to us in the one bravest, purest, noblest life the world has ever seen, the life of Jesus of Nazareth, who is the Christ because he is the revealer of his Father and our Father to us who are his brethren. And for us to live Christ's life is not merely to imitate him. It is to receive our life of faith and hope and love from the same fountain of life from which he received his life, and to live our divine life spontaneously because he lives in us.

FOR THIS CAUSE I BOW MY KNEES UNTO THE FATHER, OF WHOM THE WHOLE FAMILY IN HEAVEN AND EARTH IS NAMED, THAT HE WOULD GRANT YOU . . . TO KNOW THE LOVE OF CHRIST, WHICH PASSETH KNOWLEDGE, THAT YE MIGHT BE FILLED WITH ALL THE FULLNESS OF GOD.

LYMAN ABBOTT.

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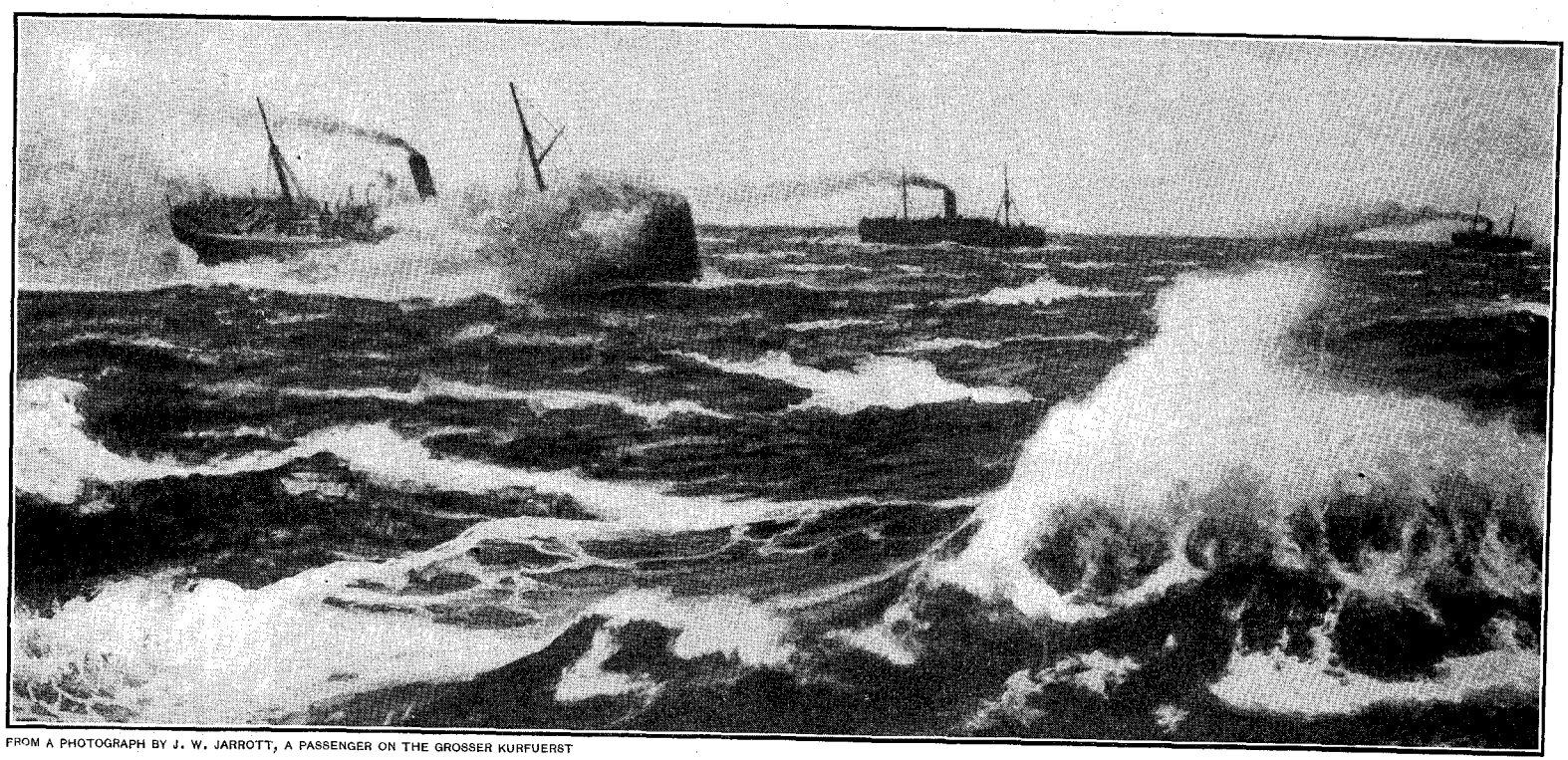

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. W. JARROTT, A PASSENGER ON THE GROSSER KURFUERST

THE BURNING VOLTURNO AND TWO OF THE RESCUING SHIPS

See editorial pages for an account of the disaster

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YUAN SHI-KAI, THE PRESIDENT OF CHINA

An account of his election appeared in last week's issue

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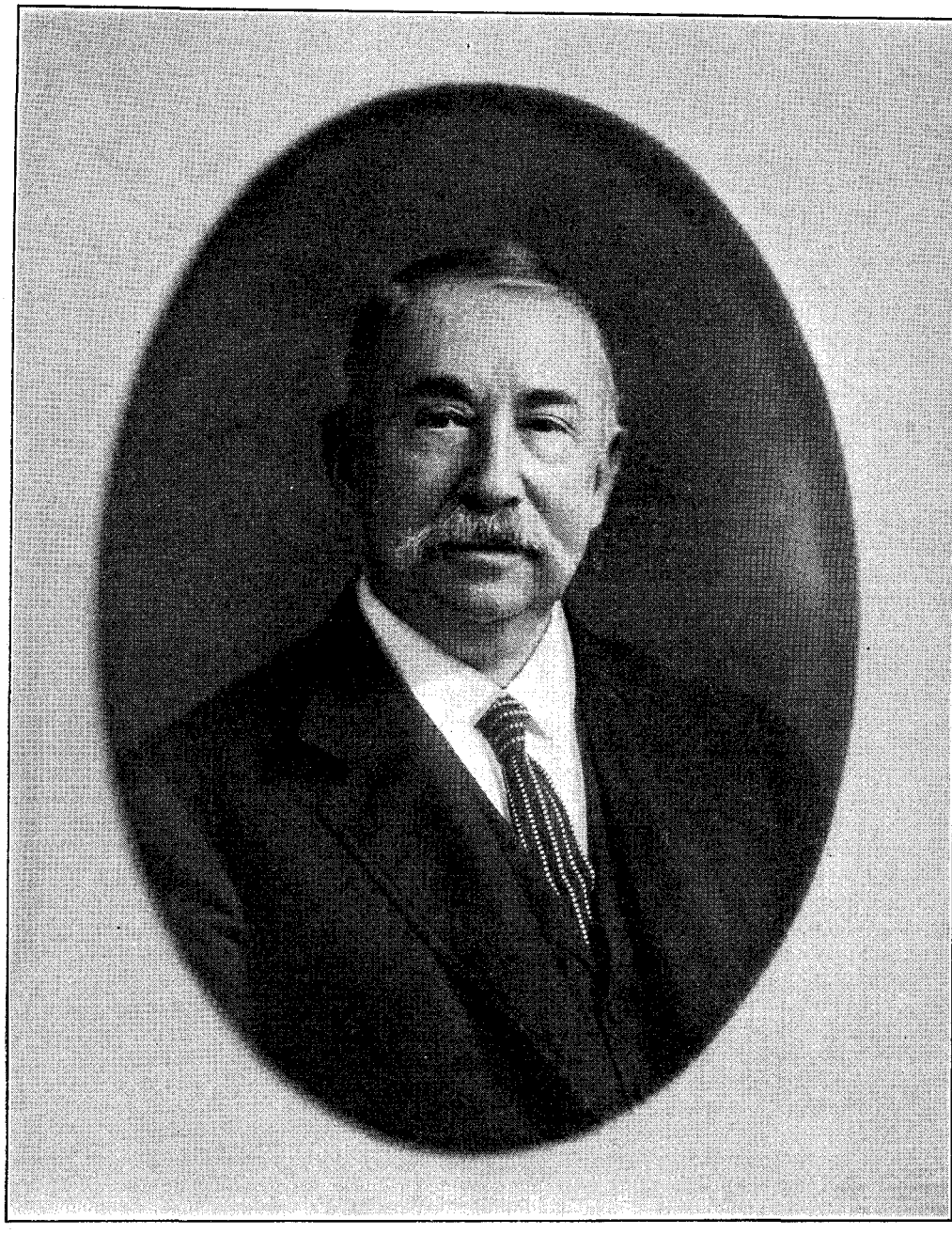

BENJAMIN ALTMAN

For an account of his benefactions and a description of his art treasures see editorial pages

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WHITE MAGIC

BY HENRY FARRAND GRIFFIN

DO you remember the fisherman of the "Arabian Nights" tale—he that fished out of the mysterious depths of the sea a copper jar from which escaped a genie of gigantic proportions, swelling out of the slender mouth of the jar until he dominated all heaven and earth and sea with his illimitable power?

If you want to experience a little of the awe that must have possessed this fisherman of old, go stand in one of the great Niagara power-houses, where the elemental forces of nature are wrested from chaotic torrents of water, reduced into submission by Brobdingnagian machinery, and despatched, like tamed thunderbolts, over hundreds of miles of copper wire to serve the myriad needs of populous cities and wide countrysides.

No romance in modern life and industry? We need but eyes to see, but ears to hear. In very truth the fabled genie of the copper jar is not one-half so wonderful as the uncannily invisible magician, electricity, that we have subdued and made captive in filaments of copper to do our bidding, instant and obedient, where and when we will.

Already he operates the machinery of our factories and mills; drives trains, trolley cars, and automobiles; prints our books, magazines, newspapers, stamps, and money; lights our streets and buildings; carries our voices by telephone, telegraph, and wireless to the uttermost ends of the earth. In ever-increasing measure he is taking over our household tasks, too; and a surprisingly large number of up-to-date farmers nowadays consider an electrical power plant an indispensable part of their equipment. In some parts of the West, where water power is plentiful and cheap, this electrical revolution is already practically complete in both home and industry. At a recent meeting of the House of Governors, one of the Western executives was speaking enthusiastically of the widespread use of water power in his section of the country.

"Even on the farms," he said, "we cook and heat and light by electricity because our water powers are so cheap that we can afford to do it. In my home we have not had a fire to cook with in seven years, nor a fire to heat our bath water and water for domestic use, and we do our cooking, make our ice-cream and churn the butter, do the washing and ironing, and the girls even wash the dishes, by electricity."

All modern life and industry is, in fact, becoming either directly or indirectly dependent upon electrical power. The United States Bureau of Corporations estimated in 1913 that of the 30,000,000 horse-power developed in this country by gas, water, and coal, over 6,000,000 was obtained from water power. Practically all of this water power is developed in the form of electricity. A large and increasing proportion of the power primarily developed from gas and steam engines is converted into electricity before it is used. It is estimated that the gross earnings of electrical industries of the United States in the year 1910 reached a total of $1,700,000,000.

Facts and figures like these make one realize the gigantic proportions to which the electrical development has already attained in this country. Too long we have had dinned into our ears that "electricity is still in its infancy"—the old refrain of those who seek to popularize the science by fantastic prophecy based on this mistaken phrase as a peg.

Electricity is *not* in its infancy. It is a young and lusty giant, with a marvelous past already behind it, and still greater wonders before. The fact of it is that this electrical revolution has all come about so swiftly and quietly that few of us realize how much it has done to make our lives easier, more convenient, and more comfortable. Still less do we realize the significance of these changes and what they promise for us and future generations.

The practical application of electric power to industry on a large scale dates back less than a quarter of a century. What the next twenty-five years will bring forth it would be rash to prophesy. Electric power for all factories and mills appears a foregone conclusion, judging by the present wholesale trend in that direction. There seems little reason to doubt that the greater part of the country's railway mileage will ultimately be electrified. The United States Government is already experimenting with a ship propelled by electric motors. Vast as the hydro-elec-

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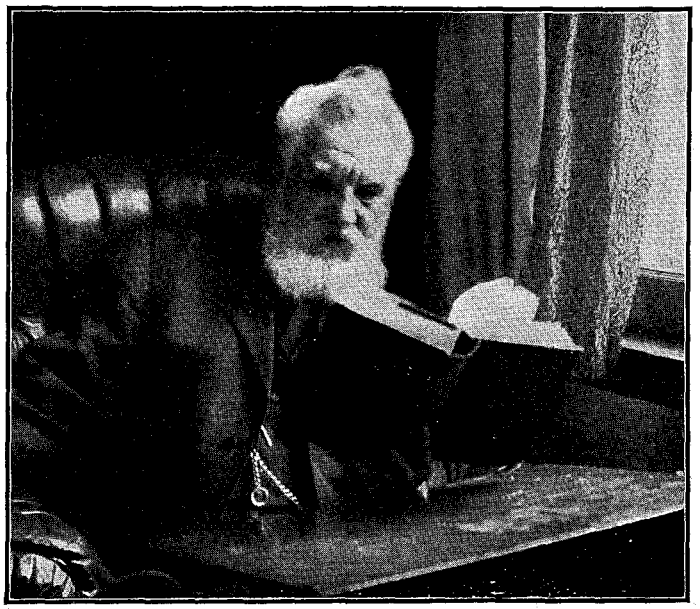
tric development has already become, we are as yet making use of less than one-tenth of the Nation's maximum potential water power, estimated by the United States Geological Survey in 1908 to be over 66,000,000 horse-power. Experts have figured, moreover, that the waters of the country, if properly stored, would, in addition to preventing the floods of which we have had such disastrous examples this year, make available a total of no less than 200,000,000 horse-power, or nearly seven times the amount now developed from all sources by gas, water, and coal. It is no exaggeration to say, therefore, that with the depletion of our coal reserves, water power, the "white coal" of the future, promises soon to become our most valuable National asset.

The men who have made possible such marvels, the pioneers of the electrical revolution, who can speak with the voice of authority on all these questions, are most of them still living. Future generations will remember them as the Stephensons and Fultons of electricity. Names like Edison, Steinmetz, Marconi, Bell, will go down in history as fishermen in the mysterious seas of nature, who fished out from the unknown a mighty genie and made him the swiftest, surest, the most powerful, dependable, and obedient of all man's many servants. And the story that these men have to tell is of fascinating interest. It deals with facts stranger than any fables of the "Arabian Nights." It hints at what we might call impossibilities had we not learned that these modern magicians of science are not daunted by the word impossible.

Not until I had talked to some of these men, however, did I realize my presumption in attempting to cover a subject so vast, a field so illimitable, in the scope of a magazine article. It was brought home to me rather comically when I went out to tackle Edison in his West Orange laboratory. Knowing his deafness, I had written out a list of questions which I wished him to answer. He bent over the paper with his characteristic quick intense glance, then looked up with a sudden grin.



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"BELL HAD THE GREATEST DIFFICULTY IN OBTAINING THE FIRST FEW THOUSAND DOLLARS TO PUT THE TELEPHONE ON THE MARKET"

"You aren't going to write a magazine article," he chuckled. "You're going to write an encyclopædia."

Edison is right. There is an encyclopædic history of electrical development that will have to be written some day. But the reader need not be alarmed. It will not be written here or now. Nor, indeed, can it be adequately written for many years to come, for electrical history is still very much in the making. And when that encyclopædic history is compiled and published it will not be

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likely to prove a best-seller of its day, nor to circulate far from the august precincts of museums and libraries and the shelves of electrical engineers and other pundits of science.

It is unfortunate but true that the general public has never gained much accurate knowledge of electrical inventions, history, or development. Electrical literature has been very largely confined to technical journals and text-books, and what little has been written in a so-called popular style has usually been fantastically inaccurate.

Professor Francis B. Crocker, past President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, for many years head of the Electrical Engineering Department of Columbia University, has always been particularly interested in the historical side of the science, and he declares that almost without exception the general public has either overestimated or underestimated the importance of every electrical invention.

"If you will run over electrical history of the past twenty-five years you will see that this has almost always been the case," he said not long ago. "Perhaps it is due to the fact that electrical apparatus usually appears either very striking or else mysteriously incomprehensible to the average man. But it is certainly true that the tendency of the general public has almost always been either not to appreciate the significance of electrical inventions or else to overestimate their immediate importance. People have regarded each one of these inventions too much as a curiosity and too little in its practical application to life and industry.

"Take the telephone, for example. It was shown in practical operation at the Centennial Exhibition in 1876. I do not believe that one person in a hundred who saw the telephone there regarded it as anything but a toy. People thought it ingenious and interesting, but could not see that it had the slightest commercial value.

"And now," Professor Crocker added, reflectively, "the capital invested in telephone plants and equipment in this country alone must considerably exceed a billion dollars."

PHOTOGRAPH BY LEAVITT S. EGAR

"MEN LIKE EDISON AND STEINMETZ—FUTURE GENERATIONS WILL REMEMBER THEM AS THE STEPHENSONS AND FULTONS OF ELECTRICITY"

"Do you know that Bell," he continued, "had the greatest difficulty in obtaining the first few thousand dollars to put the telephone on the market? At one time the exclusive rights to the telephone for the city of New York and the vicinity were sold for $10,000.

"Then came electric lighting in 1878, when Brush brought out the first successful system using the arc light. Very few people appreciated its possibilities at first. But when Edison invented the incandescent light in 1879 the public got the most distorted idea of the immediate significance of that inven-

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tion. During the years 1879 and 1880 the securities of gas companies all over the country depreciated many millions of dollars in value. Enthusiastic speculators in the stock of the newly formed electric-light companies thereupon advanced the ingenious argument that the value of these stocks should be equivalent to the depreciation of the gas companies' securities. This argument found favor even with sensible people who utterly ignored the manifold difficulties in the way of such a radical change in illumination and the impossibility of any such rapid development of electric lighting systems.

"In the early days the public was not alone to blame for these popular misconceptions in regard to electricity. Electrical apparatus and the methods of men engaged in the electrical business soon came to be looked upon with suspicion, because many of these men were either very ignorant or actual charlatans. There was no recognized electrical engineering profession. The public gave just as much weight to the absurd claims of the charlatan as to the conservative statements of the honest, educated pioneer in the electrical field. The natural result of this was that many fake companies were started and much worthless stock was sold.

"This condition really lasted up to 1888 or 1889, when electrical engineering began to take its place as an organized profession and the colleges and universities recognized electricity as a subject which they should teach."

Professor Crocker told of the difficulties under which Columbia University's course in electrical engineering was started in 1889, when instructors and pupils alike ventured into unexplored fields of knowledge.

"Up to the time that these courses were started at Columbia and elsewhere," he said, "there had been no place in this country where the technology of electricity could be learned even tentatively."

He described the struggles of the electrical pioneers during the decade that followed: Edison and Bell perfecting and making practical the electric light and the telephone, Sprague experimenting with the first trolley cars, Tesla opening up new fields by his work on alternating current apparatus, Steinmetz evolving his law of magnetism, Hertz and Marconi pursuing the elusive electric waves, which, radiating through space, have brought into man's service the wireless telegraph and telephone.

He told how one invention paved the way to another, how the practical application of electric power to industry was made easier because the dynamo for electric lighting had already been developed for several years, how the trolley car forced the remarkably rapid development of the electric motor by the very severity of the service required, with its frequent starting and stopping, its variations of speed, and the difficulties of grades and winter snow and ice. He described the infinite variations of motor service developed from these early beginnings until to-day, when there is scarcely a commodity of general use into the manufacture of which electric power does not directly or indirectly enter.

"After all," he concluded, "it is not so much the wonders of electricity that should most impress us, but the plain, every-day facts about electricity. The public is fully impressed by the 'S.O.S.' wireless signal that brought aid to the sinking Titanic, and the story of it fills the newspapers for weeks; but Titanics do not sink every day, and the really important things are those that affect the daily lives of all of us. The stationary motor is quite as wonderful an invention as wireless telegraphy, and vastly more important in the advance of civilization. It is a tremendous utility, it goes into all industries, and has revolutionized them all, yet it has received the least attention from the general public. They read with avidity the story of the Titanic in their newspapers, but forget that these very newspapers were made from wood pulp and printed by electric power in quite as marvelous a way as that by which the wireless message is received out of the mists of the sea."

It happened that when I left Professor Crocker my business took me down Sixth Avenue and across Forty-second Street into the new Grand Central Station, the latest of New York City's great railway terminals. Every step of that short walk brought home to me the significance of the phrase: "It is not so much the wonders of electricity that should impress us, but the plain, every-day facts about it." I remembered also a recent saying of President Wilson's, that almost nothing is done in modern life and industry as it was done twenty-five years ago. And I wondered if the President had ever thought how many things are done differently to-day *because they are done electrically*. Elevated trains, surface cars, and subway expresses rumbled and thundered above, beside, and beneath me,

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myriad lights were twinkling out of the gathering dusk — everywhere the invisible genie Electricity was busy about his work. Sky-scrapers, jeweled in fire, soared up to heights impracticable without the swift, dependable electric elevator. In the railway terminal, ablaze with light, uncanny mechanical voices announced through the waiting-rooms and corridors the coming and going of trains. Busy little electric trucks loaded with trunks buzzed out of the baggage-rooms and down to the track level, where great 4,000 horse-power electric locomotives rumbled in and out with their heavy trains.

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"MARCONI . . . BROUGHT INTO MAN'S SERVICE THE WIRELESS TELEGRAPH"

In and out they come and go, 800 trains a day, moving in orderly procession, almost noiselessly, without smoke or cinders, controlled and safeguarded by electric signals. This system, guarding the lives of millions of passengers every year, covers the entire electric zone for a distance of twenty-five miles from the terminal. It centers, like the nerve system of the human body in the brain, in a single long narrow room in the switch and signal tower out in the yards, where one man with three or four assistants controls by electrical apparatus every train movement, every switch and signal, in the great terminal's intricate web of tracks. Not only are the signals lighted and operated by electricity, but even the switches are thrown by electric motors.

These are plain facts of electricity, bringing the most valuable gifts of safety, convenience, and comfort to the public at large. Yet I doubt if one person in a thousand passing through this great terminal ever gives a thought to the electrical apparatus which speeds him so swiftly, safely, and surely on his way.

Probably one of the chief reasons why the average man does not fully appreciate the manifold uses and possibilities of electrical power is that until very recently inventors and electrical engineers have paid little attention to the development of electrical apparatus for the home. They have been too busy conquering the vast industrial field and the great public service works of traction and illumination. We are all quite accustomed to having electric light at our disposal by the turning of a switch, but most of us do not realize that the same wires that bring us light are quite capable of delivering power ample for all ordinary household needs, and that electricity will some day revolutionize housekeeping just as it is now revolutionizing industry.

The great public service corporations that sell electric power are beginning to realize that here lies a field too long neglected, and many of them have already set seriously about the task of teaching the general public the manifold advantages of household electrical apparatus. But before the public learns much of the convenience and comfort of small motors to operate sewing-machines, vacuum cleaners, ice-cream freezers, coffee mills, clothes and dish washers, or of the safety and cleanliness of electric ranges, toasters, percolators, water heaters, and what not, the present relatively high rates to small consumers of power will have to come down.

Dr. Schuyler S. Wheeler, a past President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers, believes that the better education of the general public in regard to electric power and appliances is one of the most important of the remaining practical problems which electrical experts must solve.

"The general public will never be able to secure the full advantage of these marvelous electrical inventions of recent years," he says, "until knowledge of electricity, its pos-

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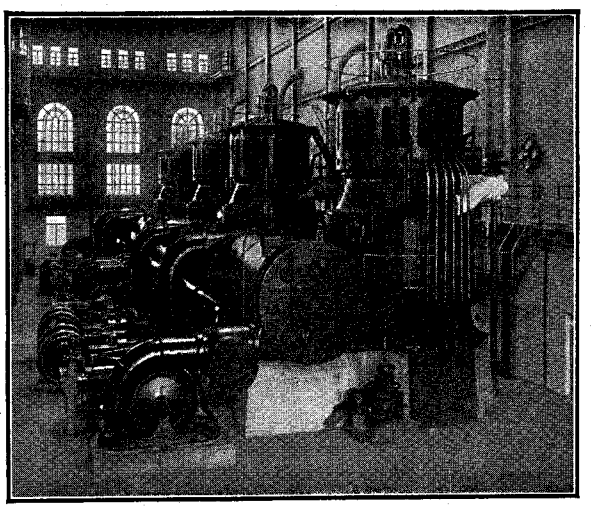
sibilities, and its practical applications has become so widely disseminated that you will be able to go into any corner store and buy an electric motor just as you would a camera or a carpet-sweeper.

"Yet there is nothing inherently more mysterious about a motor than a camera. Years ago, when daguerreotypes were first heard of, people probably talked in awe-struck tones of the 'wizard's box that made pictures out of a shadow on a silver plate.' This comes very close to the average man's present way of looking at electrical apparatus.

"I don't mean to say that every man need become anything like an electrical expert, but there is no reason why he should not have that general knowledge of electrical machinery which the automobile has given the present generation of the gas engine, for instance. Almost every one will go to a garage nowadays without shying away in dismay if carbureters or inlet waves or piston rings are mentioned. If a motor boat or an automobile gets into trouble, there is nearly always some one about who can make the necessary repairs. But an electric motor is a different story; people seem to think that it requires a full-fledged electrical engineer even to start and stop one.



"IT IS BETTER TO GET YOUR POWER FROM ONE OR TWO HIGHLY ECONOMICAL ENGINES THAN FROM THREE OR FOUR HUNDRED LOCOMOTIVES"

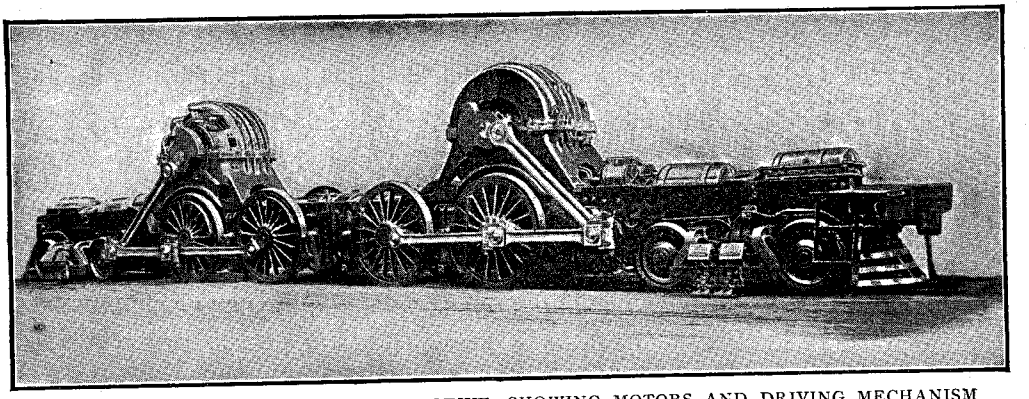
"When the time comes that we can buy electrical apparatus and supplies as readily as we can now obtain cameras and films or automobile parts and gasoline, when the general public knows as much about electricity as it does of photography and motor cars, then we may expect to see the real electrical age."

Where electric power is cheap and plentiful the public has not been slow to realize the advantages of electric apparatus for the home. Many modern, well-equipped farms, even when remote from transmission lines, have installed small-unit electric power plants, either making use of water power or using economical gas engines as prime movers for their generating equipment.

Some of the big farms in the Western irrigation country are a revelation in the way of up-to-date electric equipment. The buildings and barns are lighted by incandescent lamps, motors drive all the machinery, ranging from threshers and irrigation pumps to churns and cream separators, and even the cows are milked by clean and sanitary electrically operated apparatus.

All these are things of the present—the results of less than a generation of practical work.

When it comes to discussing the experi-



CHASSIS OF LARGE ELECTRIC LOCOMOTIVE, SHOWING MOTORS AND DRIVING MECHANISM

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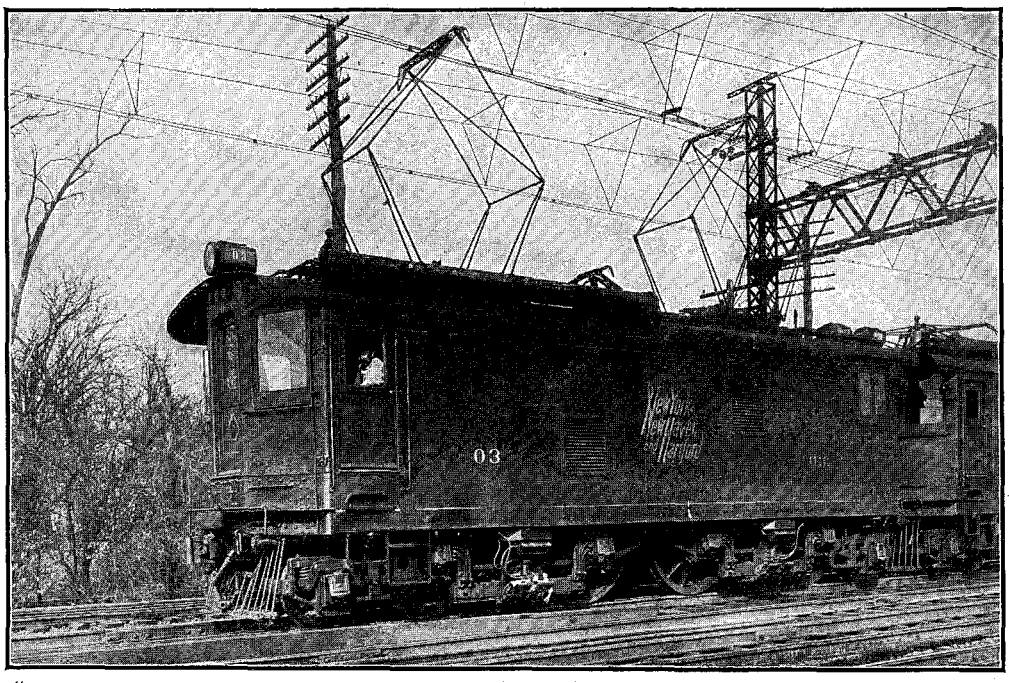
mental work that is being done to-day in electricity, one may well hesitate to attempt even a brief and conservative review. So much of fantastic prophecy has been written about electrical wonders which the future holds in store that the very real and marvelous work and aims of sanely scientific men is too often subject to popular misunderstanding.

Any word on the future of electricity should properly come from men who by their achievements are entitled to speak with the voice of authority—such men as Edison, Steinmetz, and other pioneers in the electrical field. Therefore I went to them a little in fear of encountering the scientific "high brow" attitude, and never was I more pleasantly surprised. One and all they were willing, even anxious, that the public should better understand the apparent mysteries of electricity. Practically without exception they agreed that popular misunderstandings and fallacious beliefs had been one of the greatest obstacles in the way of more rapid electrical development.



"EIGHT HUNDRED TRAINS A DAY, MOVING IN ORDERLY PROCESSION, ALMOST NOISELESSLY, WITHOUT SMOKE OR CINDERS, CONTROLLED AND SAFEGUARDED BY ELECTRIC SIGNALS"

Without exception they are interesting men to talk to, absorbed in their work, indeed, but not so buried in technicalities that they cannot appreciate the broader significance of that work as it affects the progress of civilization. Take a man like Dr. Charles Proteus Steinmetz, in his chosen field probably the greatest living electrical engineer, whose name is a power among scientists, yet scarcely known to the general public. I think I have never talked to any one mentally more alert. He speaks, equally without hesitation or haste, in precisely worded sentences, as if he had thought the whole question out beforehand. A former President of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers once said of him, "Steinmetz always talks, even in casual conversation, as if he were reading a carefully prepared address." Very small in stature, with bushy red beard and thick hair, his eyes peer out at you with a shrewd, kindly twinkle as he explains why he, a Socialist, finds it entirely consistent that he should have found his life-work in the service of one of the greatest corporations in the world.

"For," he says, "are not the big industrial combinations merely a step toward ultimate Socialism?"

Steinmetz is pre-eminently the seer of the electrical world. He is a theoretical man. He tells the practical men what they can and what they cannot do. His is the technical imagination which permits him to see beyond present practical limitations.

There was a sort of calm enthusiasm about the man as he talked of the electrical age, the

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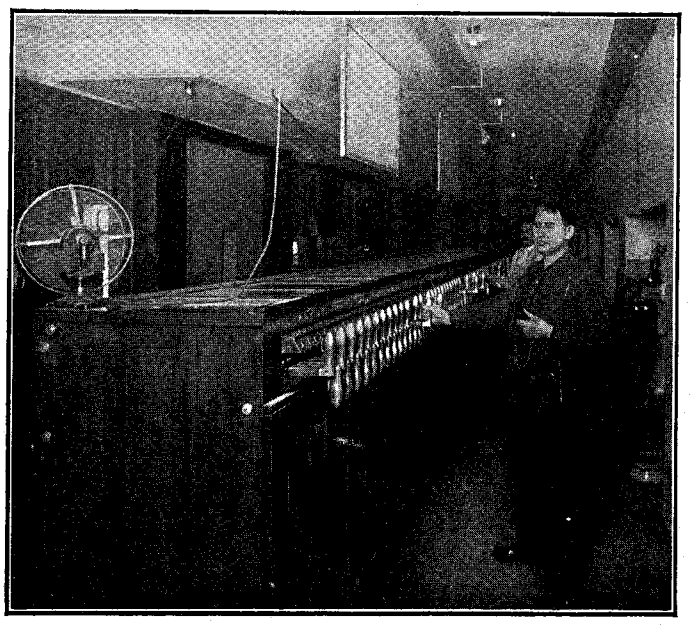

"WHERE ONE MAN CONTROLS BY ELECTRICAL APPARATUS EVERY TRAIN MOVEMENT, EVERY SWITCH AND SIGNAL, IN THE GREAT TERMINAL'S INTRICATE WEB OF TRACKS"

coming of which he has done so much to hasten. In all that he said there stood out most strongly his supreme confidence in the ability of science to solve in its good time the problems of the future. He talked of the days when the world's coal supply would be exhausted, and of the time still farther ahead when even water powers would be insufficient for the requirements of the country.

"It is a mere matter of arithmetic," he said. "If the power used in this country continues to increase in the same ratio that it has in the past, by the time our coal supply is exhausted there will not be enough water power available in the entire United States to supply the Nation's needs."

He believes that power will be developed from the tides, but that even this, in addition to other water powers, will not be sufficient. Tidal power, he pointed out, can be developed in only a comparatively few favored localities where there is sufficient rise and fall.

"What next?" I asked.

"That will be developed in the future," he answered, calmly. "Some way of utilizing solar energy will be discovered. The solar energy per square mile is vastly greater than the energy which could possibly be obtained from the same area of water under the most favorable tidal conditions."

I asked him how long he thought it would be before electricity would generally replace steam on the railways of the country.

"There is more traffic moved by electricity than by steam to-day," he replied, promptly. "The power required to move the cars which are run by electricity to-day within a radius of fifty miles of New York City is far greater than the combined power of all the steam locomotives which enter that area around New York.

"The electrification of railroads is an economic question, and the steam locomotive is fairly economical. It is enormously more economical than it used to be. At the present time it is largely a question of density of traffic.

"The modern railroad is designed to meet the peculiarities of the steam engine, and the steam engine is efficient only as a large unit, and requires skilled attendance. This means that steam locomotive traction is economical only with large train units or where there is relatively little traffic and few trains a day. With such conditions it is practically hopeless for the electric locomotive to compete with the steam engine. The electric motor, however, is equally efficient in small units, and the electric system is most economical when the load is uniformly distributed over the entire system. The more units there are and the more frequently they are distributed where the traffic is light, the more we approach the ideal system for electrical operation. Electric traction must therefore use small train units."

Dr. Steinmetz had an equally interesting story to tell of the United States navy's experimental work in equipping the collier Jupiter for electric motor drive. On this ship steam turbines drive electric generators, which in turn operate motors connected with the propellers. At first thought this would appear a rather roundabout method of utilizing power. Here is Dr. Steinmetz's explanation:

"The steam turbine is vastly more efficient than the old reciprocating steam engine. But the steam turbine, to be economical, requires that it be operated at a very high

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speed—around one thousand revolutions a minute. On the other hand, a ship's propeller, to be most efficient, requires that it be operated at a relatively slow speed—not much over one hundred revolutions a minute.

"Most of the present turbine ships run the turbines at as low a speed as possible from a practical operating standpoint and run the propeller at as high a speed as practically possible. The slower the turbine is run, the less efficient, and therefore less economical, it becomes. The faster the propeller is run, the less efficient it also becomes. Moreover, when a propeller is operated beyond a certain speed, which is far below the turbine's most efficient speed, you suddenly encounter the phenomenon of cavitation. This means that the propeller at high speed creates something like a vacuum behind it, and has therefore nothing to thrust against.

"Another attempted solution of the problem is the use of some kind of reducing gear. Now gearing in a ratio of ten or twenty to one, transmitting as much as 60,000 horse-power, for instance, as would be the case with the new transatlantic liner Imperator, is a problem never before presented—in fact, it is an almost hopeless problem.

"The most feasible solution appears to be to use the steam turbine as a prime mover for an electric generator and to drive the propellers by motors. In this way both turbine and generator may be operated at their most efficient speeds."

"Do you think," I asked him, "that this sort of electric drive will replace the present steam engine on transatlantic liners?"

"Yes," was his reply.

"In how long a time?"

"That is hard to judge."

"But do you think that ultimately the greater proportion of large liners will be driven by electric motors?"

"Yes."

Perhaps I should add here that many prominent electrical engineers and marine experts altogether disagree with Dr. Steinmetz on this question of electric motor drive for ships. Men like Edison, Professor Charles F. Scott, of Yale University, and Charles G. Curtis, the inventor of the steam turbine, all believe that the problem presented by the different speeds at which propeller and turbine are most efficient can be best solved by some sort of reducing gear.

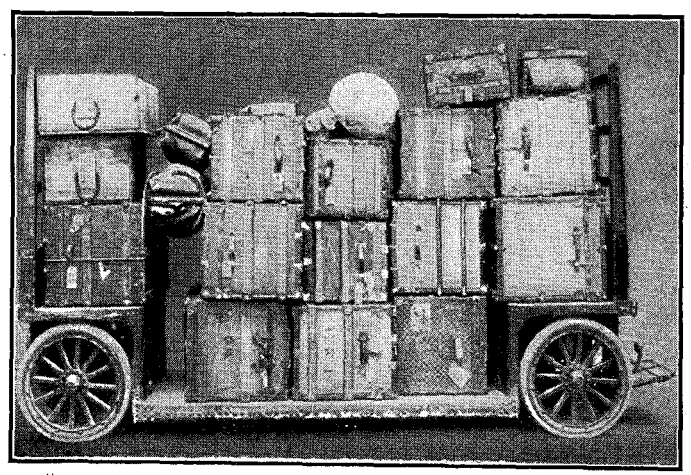
Edison's comment on this question was brief and to the point:

"I don't agree that the reducing gear proposition is impracticable," he said. "And a generator and motor make a pretty expensive substitute for a mechanical device."

Edison I found late one night hard at work in his laboratory in West Orange. The lights still burned brightly in the little brick building, almost hidden among the dark masses of many-storied modern factories. The watchman peered at my pass, the gates clanged behind me, and with no more formal introduction I found myself in the laboratory where so many famous inventions have been puzzled out.

In the library Edison met me, with a shake of his chemical-stained hand, curiously listless, contrasted with his quick, searching glance. He led the way abruptly to a long table by his old-fashioned roll-top desk, all fairly flooded with light, rapidly read over my list of questions, informed me that I was going to write an encyclopædia, and then settled down to answer the questions, methodically, one by one, as they were written.

I would have given a good deal for more time to browse about that curious laboratory library. The room rises nearly forty feet to the ceiling, with two tiers of galleries running around the open well in the center. At one end there is an enormous fireplace, and the desks, chairs, tables, and other furniture are



"BUSY LITTLE ELECTRIC TRUCKS LOADED WITH TRUNKS BUZZED OUT OF THE BAGGAGE-ROOMS"

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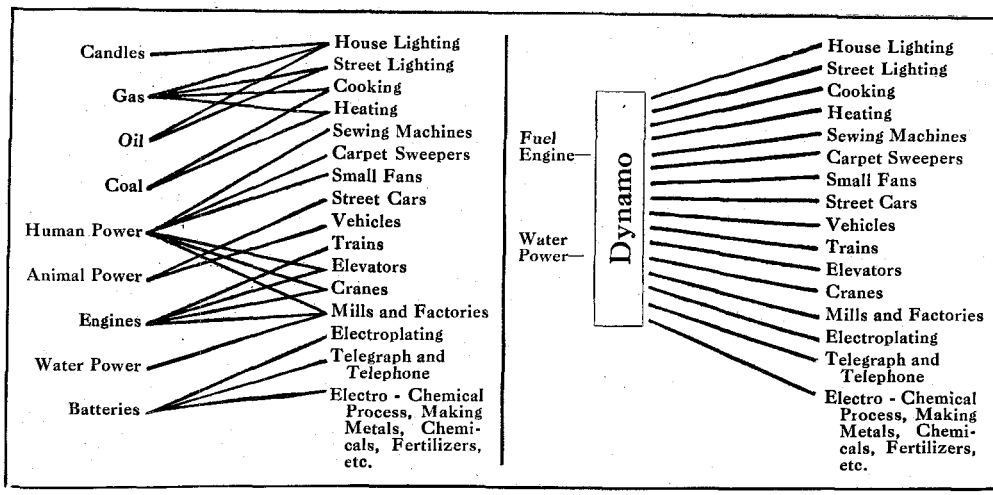

OLD METHOD NEW METHOD

POWER AND WORK

"Electricity is a universal means of doing things. Compare the diagrams, showing the old methods of doing a dozen or more common operations, which derive their energy from many sources, and the modern method of transforming mechanical power into electricity which can be readily transmitted and distributed and applied to varied uses."—Prof. Charles F. Scott, of Yale

mingled in the oddest way with models, mechanical devices, glass cabinets, mineralogical specimens, marble statues, busts, ingots of metal, and—Edison himself only knows what besides. All this heterogeneous collection fades into the shadows that lurk under the galleries despite the brilliant illumination of the room. In the alcoves and up in the galleries are shelves upon shelves of books, papers, and periodicals. Half hidden behind a curtain in one alcove is the little cot on which Edison snatches his syncopated naps between study and experiment.

His very first words were to dissent from the idea that anything very wonderful had yet been accomplished in the way of electrical development.

"What we have done is only a beginning," he is declaring; "we have barely emerged from the chimpanzee stage. It is all a question of the development of the human brain. Some men now think eight times faster than others. I have measured it by actual test on a machine. As the brain becomes more complex we will be able to accomplish things that would sound fantastic to-day.

"These things that you ask me," he continued, "are all purely economic questions. We will have all the power we need when coal is gone.

"Just the same, I cannot understand why the Government of this country does not protect the people from the consequences of the present horribly wasteful methods of mining and using coal. That would be conservation in the true sense of the word."

Edison told of his suggestion for great electrical power plants at the mouths of the coal mines, using high-voltage transmission lines for the distribution of current over long distances.

"But I see Ramsey has gone me one better," he said, as he explained the British scientist's plan for burning the coal in the mine itself, using the resultant gases to operate combustion engines as prime movers for electrical generating equipment.

"After the coal is gone?" He repeated the question. "Never fear. Something will be found. All the water power will be developed; then will come tidal power, power from the winds, solar engines, and we can't even guess what besides.

"But for the present it is simply a question of dollars and cents. While you can get coal for two or three dollars a ton, the required investment makes it impossible to develop tidal power at a profit. But when coal is gone, an investment which would be absurd now may appear in quite another light.

"We can develop power from any of these sources to-day—wind, sun, or tides—but the point is that we can't do it profitably.

"Then you would call railroad electrification the same sort of an economic question?" I asked.

"Exactly," he replied. "There you have to figure on the cost of coal, the cost of operation by steam, the cost of power plant, transmission lines, equipment, etc. For the present, disregarding exceptional conditions,

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such as tunnels, terminals, heavy mountain grades, and the like, density of traffic will be the determining factor in railroad electrification. But in the end it has got to come, for the reason that it is better to get your power from one or two highly economical engines than from four or five hundred locomotives pounding themselves to pieces over the tracks.

"These are all economic questions," he repeated, "and you must remember that our standards of value in electricity are continually changing. What may sound foolish to-day may be plain common sense to-morrow. The cost of electric power is steadily going down.

"It is about the only commodity that has decreased in recent years," he added with a chuckle.

As I left him I suggested:

"You've had a pretty busy life, Mr. Edison, and must surely have accomplished enough to satisfy most men. Aren't you going to stop work and retire some of these days?"

"Stop work!" He looked at me amazed, and then he laughed.

"I guess I've got the work habit," he said. "It's like morphine, once you get it. Mrs. Edison went away for a little visit a while ago, and the last thing she said was, 'Well, I suppose while the cat is away the mice will work.'

"Stop work, while I'm finding out new things every day!"

He shook his head, and before the door closed behind me he was hard at it again, buried in papers at his desk.

Incomplete and fragmentary as this review of the amazing electrical development of the past generation has necessarily been, it may serve to give some idea of the promise and the problems which the electrical age will bring.

In speaking of electricity, Professor Charles F. Scott, of Yale University, recently pointed out that whenever a new source of power has been brought into the service of mankind, fundamental industrial and economic changes have always followed. We can imagine how in the dawn of history the domestication of beasts of burden aided the progress of civilization. The steam engine effected an economic revolution. The gas engine gave us the automobile, the flying-machine, the submarine and motor craft. The changes resulting from the practical application of electrical power to industry promise to be the most far-reaching of all. The ultimate uses of the steam engine and most of man's other mechanical servants could be seen almost from the beginning, but this has not been so with electricity. By its agency new and apparently illimitable fields of knowledge have been opened up. It has forced scientists to revise their theories of elements and of matter. It is rending aside veils hitherto impenetrable. And he would be a bold man who would venture to prophesy to-day the *ultima thule* toward which the genie Electricity is pointing the way.

"THE SAME WIRES THAT BRING US LIGHT ARE QUITE CAPABLE OF DELIVERING POWER AMPLE FOR ALL HOUSEHOLD NEEDS"

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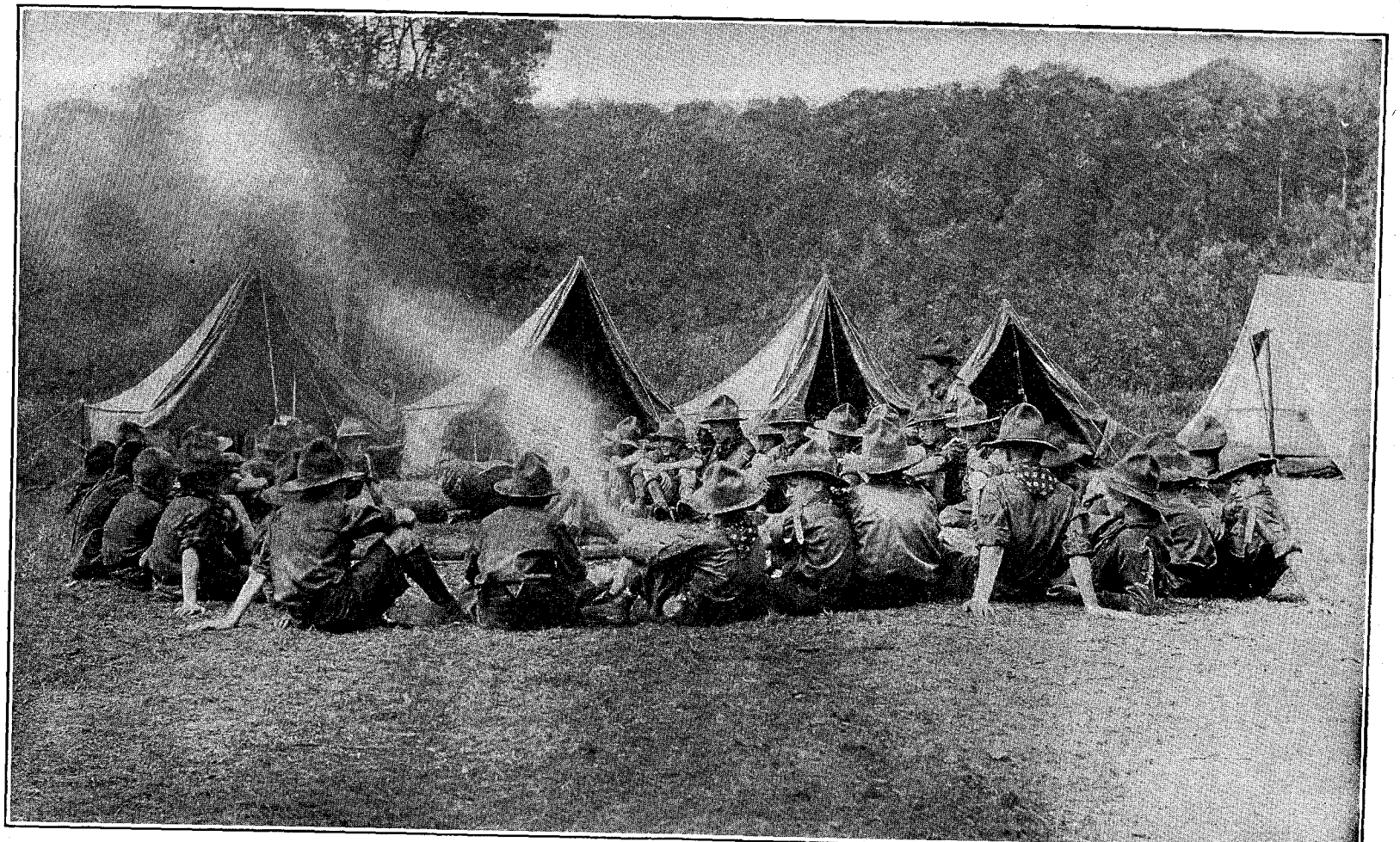

,THE BOYS AND THE SCOUT MASTER AROUND THE CAMP-FIRE

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THE BOY SCOUTS

BY

JACOB A. RIIS

A SCORE of well-known men sat around a table in East Twenty-eighth Street, New York City, one afternoon in May three years ago, discussing plans for the permanent organization of the Boy Scouts of America. To each one in turn was put the straight question if he thought the Scouts would serve a useful purpose, and in what way. When it came the turn of one of them, he took up an evening paper he had been scanning and read an item about the grief of Park Commissioner Stover over the loss of two of his handsomest swans in the Central Park lake. They had been stoned to death by boys.

"Now," said the man, "ten to one these boys were not out to kill the swans. They were on a hunt, pioneers or Indians likely, and they came across this splendid game and stalked it. They had no idea of grieving the Park Commissioner or causing the city loss. They were engaged in legitimate sport—legitimate from the boy's point of view. The city had shut him up between its stone walls with all his primitive instincts, and had provided no outlet for them. That last is what scouting does. Being Indians, they killed the swans; as scouts they would have protected them. And they would have had just as much fun—more; they would not have had to run from anybody. Everybody would have been the gainer. The swans would have been saved, the boys would have been saved, for if they are caught they will be locked up. Commissioner Stover's temper, too. It is all loss now. There it is, the whole case in a nutshell. The Scouts win."

Last spring two of those men had front seats on the platform at the Scout rally in the Thirty-fourth Street Armory. Between them sat a man who breathlessly watched every stunt done by the boys. He applauded when they pitched camp, when they wig-wagged, tied up sprained ankles, and did a hundred other exciting things. When at last a troop halted right in front of where he sat and did the great and stunning trick of building a fire without matches, by rubbing two dry sticks against each other, his eyes fairly bulged, and when the fire blazed up amid the thundering applause of the spectators he turned to his neighbors with a sigh of satisfaction. "This is what we have been waiting for a hundred years," he said. And they nodded; for it was. Every boy, every camper, every normal man who has his moments when he would give all of civilization and its wonders to be back in the woods and the wilds for a day, a single happy day, cherishes back in his soul the unattained ambition of making a fire Indian fashion; and these had done it.

Between the two incidents lies the explanation of the tremendous impetus that in three brief years has organized an army of more than three hundred thousand boys with seven thousand scout masters, and broken down every imaginary barrier of sect and caste and the opposition that once fell afoul of the mistaken notion that we had here to do with the military spirit in the young. It is something much broader and bigger than that. It is getting at the boy on his own ground, setting him to do the things he ardently wants to do, but, in our cities with their twisted social conditions, doesn't know how to do. The Boys' Club started in to do it, but almost immediately came up against the

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problem of how to set the boys to work and keep them interested. The Scouts solved it at once. Every boy has in him a little savage and a potential good citizen. The question is which is to get the upper grip; upon that depends what kind of a man he is going to be. He would rather be good than bad, all things being even. But they are not even. Give him the street and the gutter for a playground, rob him of his play, and he joins the gang and learns the lessons that do not lead to respect for authority or property. Yet in the gang he will yield that respect to the boy who is bolder and abler than the rest, who is fit to lead. The savage has come uppermost, and he lives the law of the jungle. Put before him the other alternative, and he will adopt the Scout law to be dutiful, obedient, helpful, and clean, with the same enthusiasm. They really start from the same point; it is the way they work out that makes the difference. Is he to kill swans or vultures when he is a man? Everything depends on the guide-post where the roads fork.

Write the one word "don't" there, and only that, and the boy, if he has any spirit, will take to the jungle. Every father knows it; every teacher has learned it, if he has learned anything. The word is not in the Scout law. It is all affirmative. A Scout is loyal, he is helpful, he is friendly, courteous, kind; he is obedient, cheerful, thrifty, and brave; he is clean in body and thought, stands for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travels with a clean crowd. And he is reverent toward God, faithful himself, and respectful toward the convictions of others. These are the Scout laws, and he obeys them not only because he has promised, but because he wants to. There isn't a "don't" in the lot. It is as easy as all that.

Which is not to say that scouting makes an angel of him at once. I should expect it to last less than three years longer if it did, and I should be impatient to have them over and have my human boy back again. It gives him the right start, that is all; but it is a good deal. Incidentally it gives every boy a chance to be in the game. The trouble with baseball and football is that they do not do that. They are good as far as they go, but they do not go around. Nine or eleven boys take a hand in them, a hundred or a thousand sit and shout. They have no other part in it. Granted that there are many nines and elevens. Still there are many more whom the game really robs of a boy's most precious quality—initiative; it pauperizes the boys, physically and mentally, by making them take their fun at second hand. But play, said Froebel, is the normal occupation of a child, through which he grows character; and we know Froebel was right. Scouting

BUILDING A FIRE WITHOUT MATCHES

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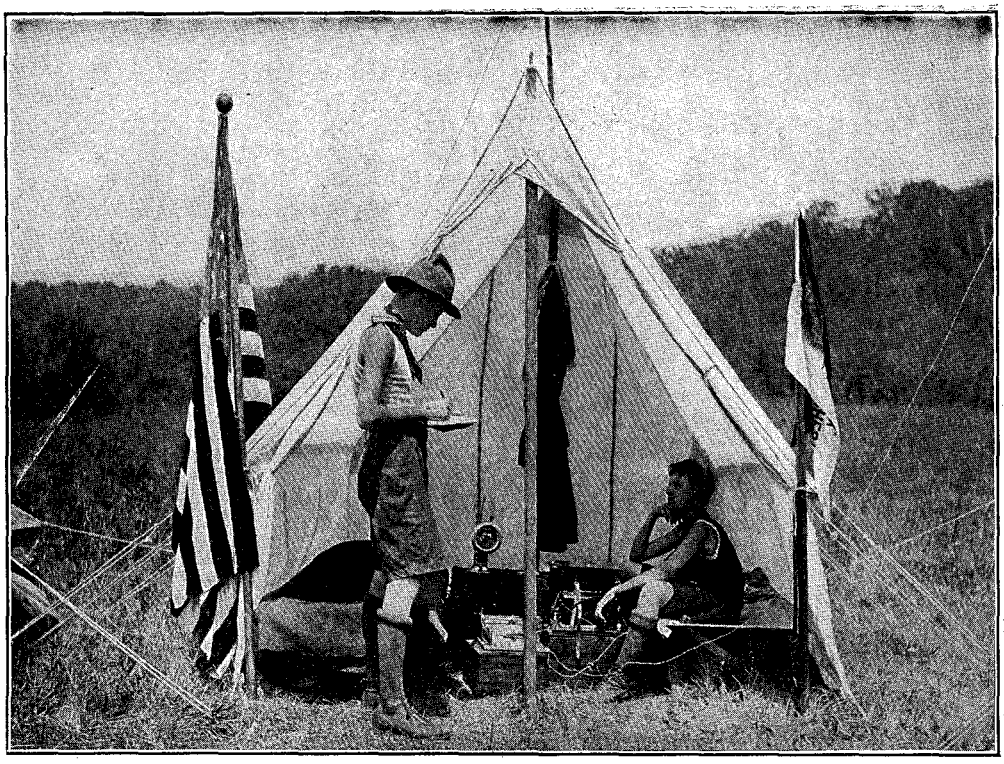

PRACTICAL INSTRUCTION IN WIRELESS

is all initiative, all individual effort. The question was asked by one boy's father at National Headquarters whether in Mr. Thompson Seton's unique camp up in Connecticut they had baseball. The official to whom it was put said, offhand, "Surely," remembering his own boyhood that would have been a dreary waste without baseball. But when he happened to speak of it to the Chief Scout, Mr. Seton scratched his head.

"Too bad," he said; "as a matter of fact, we don't play baseball," and he explained that they had never thought of it. But, seeing that the promise had been made, he agreed that there must be baseball. An outfit was provided and notice was given in camp that any of the boys who wanted to join a nine would be welcome. Not one joined. They didn't have time. They were all too busy with other things they would rather do. I am not knocking baseball because we didn't know the game when I was a boy in Denmark. I am simply saying what must have been in the minds of many a boys' leader, in and out of school, all these years. The National game can take care of itself. I am glad scouting has come to fill in the chinks, as it were. If some of the fierce competitive spirit is lost that has run riot in the past, the standards are not. Scouting, as I have shown, sets up definite standards to which the boy must come up and which will stand being matched against any boys' game anywhere.

It is easy enough to understand how scouting came to be taken for play soldiering. The fame as a campaigner of General Baden-Powell, whose genius gave shape and direction to the movement that had been in the air on this side of the water for years, accounted for some of it; the uniform and the long marches for most of the rest. But the khaki uniform, smart though it be, does not make a Scout. The soldierly virtues of honor, loyalty, and obedience are part of his equipment, but not all. Something of the spirit of the early pioneers, even of the knights of old, he must have caught to pass muster. When it crops out in his home, in school; when father, home from the office, rubs his spectacles and takes another look: "What is the matter with Tom? I never knew him to be that way before; is he sick, or something?"—then he is the real thing. He is the same boy all right, as the folks will have occasion to note before many moons; but his

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energies have been run into a new channel. The "good turn every day" is the capstone of scouting, and quite unlike any fighting scheme I ever heard of. It is enlisting with consummate wisdom the good in the lad in the making of the man through his play. That the better citizen, when he is made, will be the better able to defend the flag which the Scouts have been taught to love, goes without saying; and are we the worse off for that? As to the marching, fancy soldiers "on a hike"! The Scouts know their outings by no other term.

Let me illustrate by my own experience what Tom's father meant. I know it so well. In my home village our church stood in the old days in a half-acre lot that grew up in weeds—mean weeds at that. The Sunday-school had a way of bringing sheaves to the granary on Thanksgiving Day, bags and bundles for the poor in the city, tomatoes, apples, pumpkins, and potatoes; and that was good as far as it went. But the trouble was that it went no farther back than to mamma's larder. The children hadn't reaped their sheaves themselves, and it didn't do them a bit of good, if it didn't do them positive harm. I rather think it did; for when it was proposed that they should work that half-acre as a potato field themselves and gather their own crops, they weren't willing, and their parents were not either. That chance was lost. Great elms and maples shaded the village streets, and it seemed a pretty idea to have gray squirrels make their homes there, as they do in many Western and Southern towns. But no! the boys would kill them, said their elders. And the boys came up to the estimate put upon them, as boys and men will as long as the world stands. Pretty soon there was trouble among them. Some of them were arrested and got into jail, and from the parents of those who walked straight we heard the complaint that their children had to seek their associates elsewhere; there weren't any at home that were really fit. It didn't occur to them that they had let another opportunity pass of enlisting their broods for civilization instead of letting them loose in the jungle. A little later on, when the local woman's club presented a handsome drinking fountain to the town and they found themselves helpless to save it from the ravages of the children, I think a glimmer of it all dawned on some of them; but then the fountain was a dead loss, and some other things besides that were of more account.

I might easily extend the list, but this will do. Take Tom now on the new tack—the same Tom; boys in a lump are all alike—and look at him. I grab at random a handful of "good turns" from the Headquarters mail-bag. Please understand that they are intended for information, not for parade.

Here are two little Scouts coming upon a horse that has upset his dinner and scattered the oats on the pavement. Seeing that he cannot get his head down, the boys sweep up the oats and hold the box till he has eaten. In St. Paul, Minnesota, the spring thaw has flooded a street and threatens the cellars of the abutting houses. I am afraid I would have hailed the chance to dam up a lake to sail ships in when I was a lad, and I know some others that would have joined me. These fellows have twice as much fun making channels for the water to run off. It is their good turn of that day. In Nyack on the Hudson the Scouts run to fires with a coffee boiler presented to the department by the W. C. T. U., and feed the fire-fighters, if need be, all through the night. In New York City the Health Department enlists the Scouts in the "Clean City Campaign." They did it in Yonkers so well that the oldest inhabitant would not have known the bank of the Nepperhan that had been the general dump of the city for a generation.

The Scouts of a Pennsylvania town take turns unchecking the horses at the drinking fountain, and when tips are offered, refuse. It is against the rules to take money for doing a good turn. In another town they are belling the cats to protect the song-birds. The Presbyterian church could get no laborers to regrade its lot; the Scouts did it and had a good time over it every evening for a whole week. A squirrel has its head caught in an old tin can; a Scout hears it cry, sets it free, and lets it go. That last ought to get the lad a hero medal—to miss the chance of securing a pet squirrel! But here is a whole troop in the town of Edgewood, Pennsylvania, taking over the care of the grounds at the orphans' home; chopping down dead limbs and cutting them up for firewood, filling up a cesspool that was dangerous, pruning grape-vines, and grafting apple trees.

"I am a crossing watchman," writes a man from Philadelphia, "at Second and Girard Avenue, and a cripple. I have a signal on a high post, and every evening I have to put a lighted lamp up there and take it down in the morning to refill it. It is hard work and

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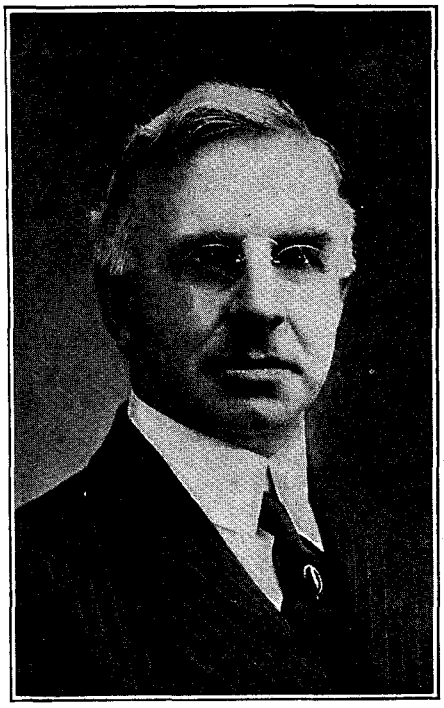

COLIN H. LIVINGSTON
The President of the Boy Scouts of America

JAMES E. WEST
The Chief Scout Executive

risky for me, for I have only one leg. So there is a little Scout who passes every morning at six o'clock, serving milk for his uncle. He takes my lamp down for me. He told me it was his duty; every Scout was to do a kind act every morning of his life. Three cheers for the Boy Scouts!"

Another grab (in the mail-bag) brings up scout masters' reports in the boys' own language. That is unusual, for it is no part of the plan to make little Pharisees of the fellows, but this was an attempt to get at what they themselves thought of it. This is what they thought:

A man had a horse and it was young and it would not stand for him, so he asked me if I would please get him his mail, so I did.

A man was on his moter cicle and he lost his glove and I picked it up and gave it to him.

There were two men and they wanted to know where a lady lived, and I told him.

There was a boy and he had to get out of a team to take the bars down, it was raining hard so I took them down for him.

There were some men in an automobil and they wanted to know the way to the Groton School and I told them.

I get a man's paper for him every morning.

There was a man and his tire on his bicycle was flat and I asked him if he wanted to take my pump, so I let him take it.

I gave an axe to a neighbor who's was broke.

I filled my mother's wood-box for it was baking day.

I buttoned Mary's dress because mama was busy.

I shut up the hens, so my father would not have to.

I gave a man his crutches.

I done up a finger for a friend.

I wiped the dishes for my mother.

My grandmother lost her glasses and I found them.

I separated some roosters from the pullets.

I fed the calf at night.

I led a blind man to his house.

I straightened a screw-driver for Mrs. Boynton.

There was a cat in a steel trap and I went and let him out.

I picked up a little bird under a tree and climbed up and put it in its nest.

I done an errand for an old lady.

I saw a dog that was hungry and fed him.

They were little things, of course; but put yourself in grandmother's place looking for her lost glasses and get her opinion of them. The pullets and roosters I know about. We keep hens. Tom's teacher in school can tell his father what it is that has come over him. "If I want anything done promptly," she says, "I give it to a Scout."

Besides, there are plenty of bigger things to report, if you choose to call them so. It depends upon how you look at it. Seen

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BIRD LIFE AT CLOSE RANGE

from one angle, the doing of the little things every day until it has become a habit and the great come naturally when the chance offers, might seem the biggest thing of all. In the spring floods in the Middle West the Scouts were of great service, patrolling, helping, and even taking a hand in saving life. The Scouts in Allegheny County, Pennsylvania, voted two hundred dollars they had saved for their summer camp for the relief of the flood sufferers, and collected three hundred garments besides for them. In Chicago the Scouts are waging war on the caterpillars and all their kin, which is no mean service to render. In Pittsburgh a Scout found forty-five dollars in the street and took the money to the Kingsley House, refusing to "divvy" with his fellows who were with him. The money turned out to have been lost by an Italian woman who had caused the arrest of a neighbor on the charge of stealing it.

At the inauguration of President Wilson, and at the Suffragette parade that brought the Washington police such well-merited reproof, the Scouts were of great service—not *in* the line of the parade, but *on* it. They were messengers, ambulance corps, and, when the police failed to give the women protection on their march, the boys were there too, and took their place. At Gettysburg the four hundred Boy Scouts detailed to receive the veterans and make them comfortable "made good with a bang," in the words of the correspondent of the "Evening Post." Mere parading is discouraged by their leaders, but wherever they can be of real service the Scouts are at hand. First aid to the injured is their specialty. Their training to this end is very thorough, and they enter into it with a vast enthusiasm. The world does move. I well remember the first case of that kind that came to the old St. Mark's Place Club. It was three years since the boys had been instructed in the principles of first aid by a young surgeon when, one night, a man in a fit fell down the cellar stairs into the room. The whole club rose to the emergency with a jump. One unbuttoned his collar, another slapped his hands, a third yelled for a silver dollar to put between his teeth. Those were the instructions; but there was no dollar in the crowd, not even a quarter, and the man lay gritting his teeth until one of them remembered his jackknife, and the day was saved.

I have dwelt on the "good turn daily" feature of the movement because it is, to my mind, the core of it all, full of promise in our dealings with the problem of the boy. Shall we wake up the imp or the angel in him? The while we are deciding against the imp and for the manhood of the to-morrow the lad himself is having an everlasting good time. I saw them on their hikes last winter in the South, while on my lecturing travels as far west as Texas, straight as young ramrods, with knapsacks and staffs and shining morning faces, making for the hills and the woods. If the makers of the Standard Dictionary had been there with me, they would have cashiered the whole edition to get the libelous definition of "hiking" out of its pages: "To go about in a dragging or slouching way," indeed! They should be subpœnaed to attend the next rally of Scouts and made to sit in the front seat, where they could see and be seen of us all. I remember one of those towns below Mason's and Dixon's line, typical of the new and stirring South: business booming, population trebled

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in a dozen years, every influence for good and bad working overtime and with no one as yet to check them off; churches filled, Sunday-schools too, but not a playground, no juvenile court or probation officer. The Grand Jury *had* made an attempt to check things up: ninety-five boys in town had been in the police court from one to twenty times. What to do with them the police didn't know, nor the Grand Jury either. There had been two attempts to organize the Scouts, and both had failed for the want of leaders. Then the Men and Religion Forward Movement came to town, and out of it issued one of the boys' own choice, a young lawyer with little time but much devotion. He took hold, not because he wanted to, but because he "had to." The call was to him. When I was there, he had enlisted seven of the ninety-five—the seven worst, some of the citizens told me—and they had all made good. He and the troop were giving them a chance to be good rather than bad, and they took it.

The town that had poohpoohed the Scouts was getting behind them, Chamber of Commerce, Woman's Club, and all. These were working hand in hand for a juvenile court and a social center in connection with the parish house of a local church. And the boys? As I said, they were having a good time; they were not thinking of the to-morrow, not they, but of the fun they could have to-day. They had a camp two miles away where they slept in tents, did all the chores, wigwagged from knob to knob, and

A LESSON IN CONSERVATION

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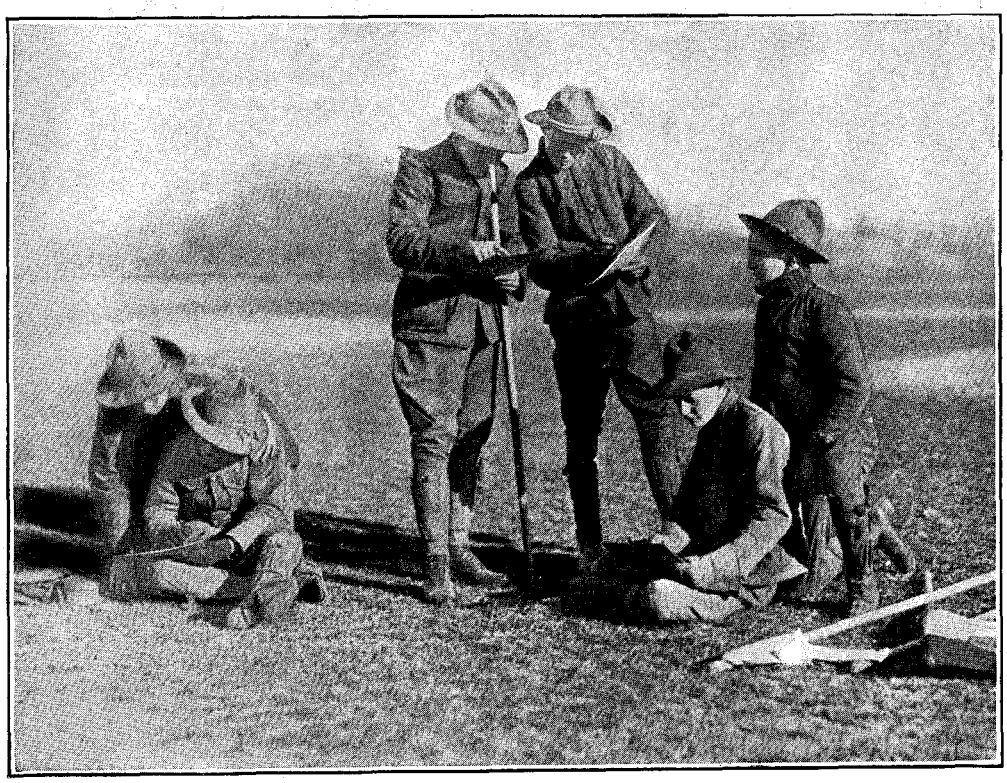
explored the bowels of the earth, for it was a cave country. In bad weather they held their meetings in town, did stunts in the gym of the Congregational church, and flourished exceedingly. Two new groups were forming, and leaders were coming out of the old and of the Normal College. The whole town looked toward a brighter future. Even the police approved.

In a city in the Middle West that has since suffered devastation by terrible floods the Scouts came to escort me to my lecture, and a fine little band they were. Their master was an elderly man with a rather sad face who seemed to command the unbounded devotion of "his boys." It was a pathetic little story the townsfolk told me of their friendship. He was the criminal bailiff of the town, unmarried, and without ties until the Scouts came into his lonely life. His hungry soul adopted them one and all. He goes hiking with them Saturday afternoon and Sunday, rests with them in the shade by the river, baits their hooks, and helps them cook and eat their fish. Sometimes he takes them through the jail, of which he has charge, and shows them what a lawless life leads to. He is their captain, judge, and friend. They love and obey him, and his life that was empty is filled and rich. When he would have resigned, the whole troop threatened to do the same. In the town they laugh at it all a little, but own that they are all the better for it. When the Christmas holidays came around last year, and there was a demand for extra clerks and messengers, his Scouts turned in to help, and the storekeepers had cause to thank him for the efficient, clever, and honest fellows he had sent them.

"DO A GOOD TURN DAILY"

At the recent celebration of the Battle of Gettysburg the Boy Scouts gained a wide and excellent reputation for service



MAP-MAKING DEVELOPS THE HABIT OF OBSERVING

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The Scouts do not compete; they are glad to join hands with whatever organization offers the chance. They themselves rank as a movement rather than as an organization. To the Young Men's Christian Association they are usually a welcome ally; now and then, where the machinery has stiffened into forms that forget that all service is in its essence religious, they help to wake it up. If the door creaks a bit as it swings open, it soon limbers up under the new impulse. I am thinking of one of the seaboard cities typical of the old South that made room reluctantly for the Scouts. It was not that it was lacking in the social service spirit; it was there, but it did not know how to harness it. Once there, the Scouts went on with their troop meetings and their hikes, leaders from other cities came to talk to them on their obligation to be dutiful, helpful, and clean, and then something happened.

FIRST AID

A coat is slipped on each end of the Scout's poles through the sleeves. The injured boy is then carried upon a ready-made stretcher

The town, as I said, was a seaport. It had its slums and its social evil problem, and a bad one to boot. The Ministerial Association had been struggling with it and with itself in its efforts to break through the old reserve into the new day, but without much result. When these newcomers talked right out in meeting, took up sex hygiene with the grown people, and told the truth plainly, a fresh breeze swept through the old town. The ministers felt the shackles falling off, a civic circulation was started up, so to speak, and the people made ready to deal with their problem. This I saw in one town. It has sometimes seemed as if the greatest heritage this generation could bequeath to the one coming after might be the conviction made fact that there can be but one moral standard for men and women, for boys and girls; and as often have we stood powerless to bring it about, for our sins. Who shall say that it may not come on this path? I have quoted from the Scout law that the Scout is to be "clean in body and thought, stand for clean speech, clean sport, clean habits, and travel with a clean crowd." Clean sport puts up the bars against gambling, which goes hand in hand with all the mischief of the street and opens the door to every crime on the calendar. The very spirit of the movement breathes loyalty to authority, to law, a lesson our boys need to learn, East and West, North and South. If this be the quality of its service to our day, what greater could any one render? And shall not scouting be justified of its fruits?

Those who desire technical and detailed information regarding the Boy Scouts of America are referred to the National headquarters of the Boy Scouts at 200 Fifth Avenue, New York City. The Managing Secretary, or "Chief Scout Executive," to use his official title, is Mr. James E. West, who will be glad to see that all letters of inquiry are answered promptly. It may be added that the National organization has just begun the publication of a special periodical for boys, entitled "Boy's Life," and one, called "Scouting," for Scout masters, Scout officials, and others interested in work for boys, both official publications of the Boy Scouts of America. Elsewhere in this issue we give some further account of these periodicals.

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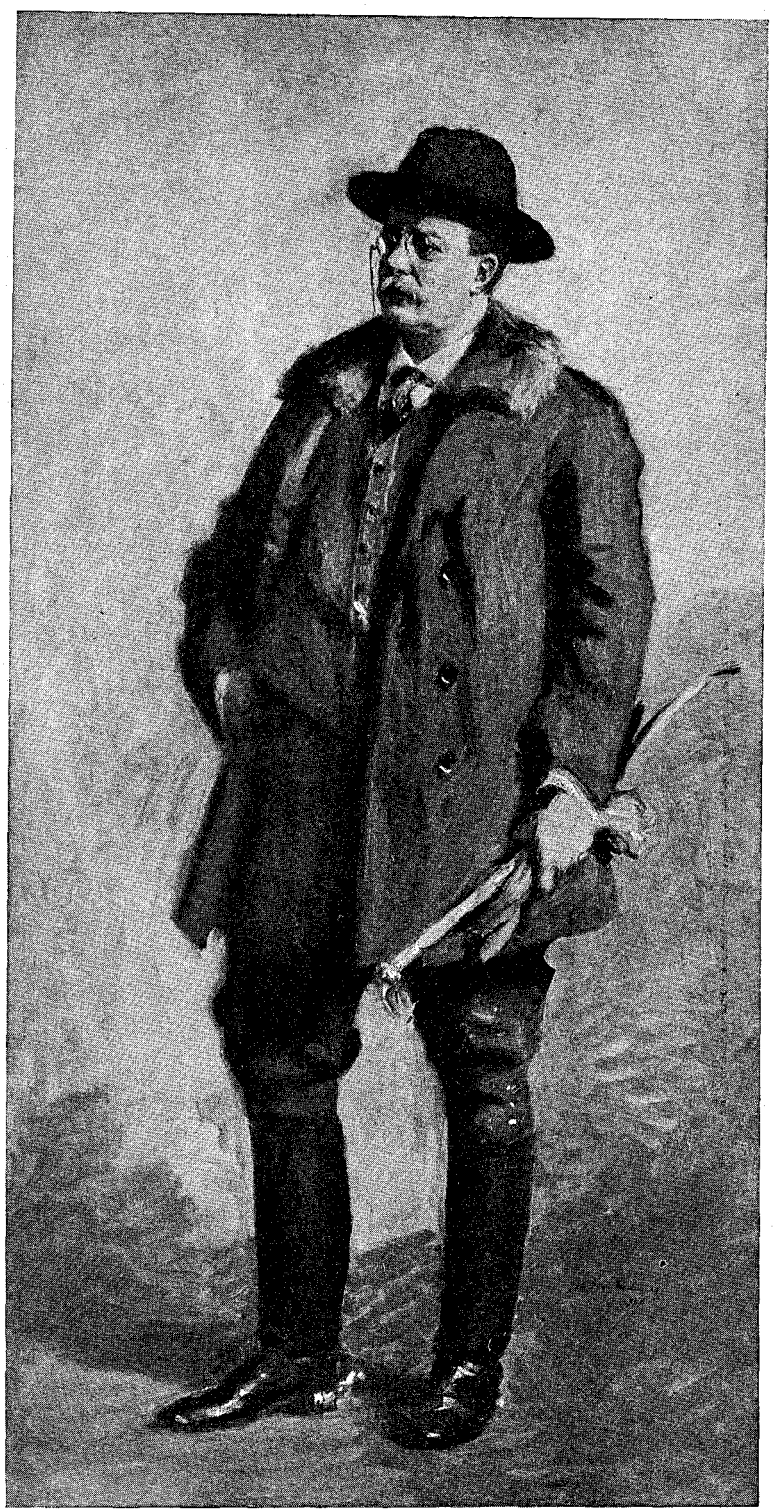

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THEODORE ROOSEVELT IN WINTER RIDING COSTUME

From a painting by Gari Melchers

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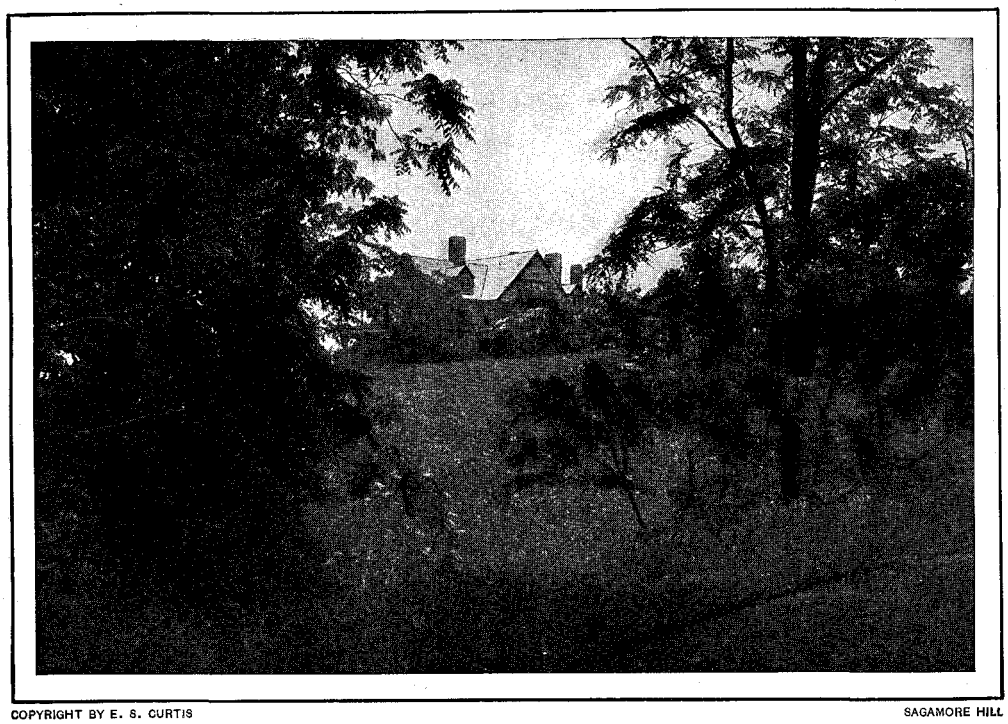

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SAGAMORE HILL

OUTDOORS AND INDOORS

BY THEODORE ROOSEVELT

THE NINTH INSTALLMENT OF

"CHAPTERS OF A POSSIBLE AUTOBIOGRAPHY"[1]

THERE are men who love out-of-doors who yet never open a book; and other men who love books but to whom the great book of nature is a sealed volume, and the lines written therein blurred and illegible. Nevertheless, among those men whom I have known, the love of books and the love of outdoors, in their highest expressions, have usually gone hand in hand. It is an affectation for the man who is praising outdoors to sneer at books. Usually the keenest appreciation of what is seen in nature is to be found in those who have also profited by the hoarded and recorded wisdom of their fellow-men. Love of outdoor life, love of simple and hardy pastimes, can be gratified by men and women who do not possess large means, and who work hard; and so can love of good books—not of good bindings and of first editions, excellent enough in their way but sheer luxuries—I mean love of reading books, owning them if possible of course, but, if that is not possible, getting them from a circulating library.

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THE HOUSE ON THE TOP OF THE HILL

Sagamore Hill takes its name from the old Sagamore Mohannis, who, as chief of his little tribe, signed away his rights to the land two centuries and a half ago. The house stands right on the top of the hill, separated by fields and belts of woodland from all other houses, and looks out over the bay and the Sound. We see the sun go down beyond long reaches of land and of water. Many birds dwell in the trees round the house or in the pastures and the woods near by, and of

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course in winter gulls, loons, and wild fowl frequent the waters of the bay and the Sound. We love all the seasons: the snows and bare woods of winter; the rush of growing things and the blossom-spray of spring; the yellow grain, the ripening fruits and tasseled corn, and the deep, leafy shades that are heralded by "the green dance of summer;" and the sharp fall winds that tear the brilliant banners with which the trees greet the dying year.

THE FLOWERS ABOUT SAGAMORE HILL

The Sound is always lovely. In the summer nights we watch it from the piazza, and see the lights of the tall Fall River boats as they steam steadily by. Now and then we spend a day on it, the two of us together in the light rowing skiff, or perhaps with one of the boys to pull an extra pair of oars; we land for lunch at noon under wind-beaten oaks on the edge of a low bluff, or among the wild plum bushes on a spit of white sand, while the sails of the coasting schooners gleam in the sunlight, and the tolling of the bell-buoy comes landward across the waters.

Long Island is not as rich in flowers as the valley of the Hudson. Yet there are many. Early in April there is one hillside near us which glows like a tender flame with the white of the bloodroot. About the same time we find the shy mayflower, the trailing arbutus; and although we rarely pick wild flowers, one member of the household always plucks a little bunch of mayflowers to send to a friend working in Panama, whose soul hungers for the Northern spring. Then there are shadblow and delicate anemones, about the time of the cherry blossoms; the brief glory of the apple orchards follows; and then the thronging dogwoods fill the forests with their radiance; and so flowers follow flowers until the springtime splendor closes with the laurel and the evanescent, honey sweet locust bloom. The late summer flowers follow, the flaunting lilies, and cardinal flowers, and marshmallows, and pale beach rosemary; and the goldenrod and the asters when the afternoons shorten and we again begin to think of fires in the wide fireplaces.

JOSIAH AND HIS MASTER

OUR BIRD NEIGHBORS

Most of the birds in our neighborhood are the ordinary home friends of the house and the barn, the wood lot and the pasture; but now and then the species make queer shifts. The cheery quail, alas! are rarely found near us now; and we no longer hear the whip-poorwills at night. But some birds visit us now which formerly did not. When I was a boy neither the black-throated green warbler nor the purple finch nested around us, nor were bobolinks found in our fields. The black-throated green warbler is now one of our commonest summer warblers; there are plenty of purple finches; and, best of all, the bobolinks are far from infrequent. I had written about these new visitors to John Burroughs, and once when he came out to see me I was able to show them to him.

OUR FLYING SQUIRRELS

When I was President, we owned a little house in western Virginia; a delightful house, to us at least, although only a shell of rough boards. We used sometimes to go there in the fall, perhaps at Thanksgiving, and on these occasions we would have quail and rabbits of our own shooting, and once in a while a wild turkey. We also went there in the spring. Of course many of the birds were different from our Long Island friends. There were mocking-birds, the most attractive of all birds, and blue grosbeaks, and cardinals and summer redbirds instead of scarlet tanagers, and those wonderful singers the Bewick's wrens, and Carolina wrens. All these I was able to show John Burroughs when he came to visit us; although, by the way, he did not appreciate as much as we did one set of inmates of the cottage—the flying squirrels. We loved having the flying squirrels, father and mother and half-grown young, in their nest among the rafters; and at night we slept so soundly that we did not in the least mind the wild gambols of the little fellows through the rooms,

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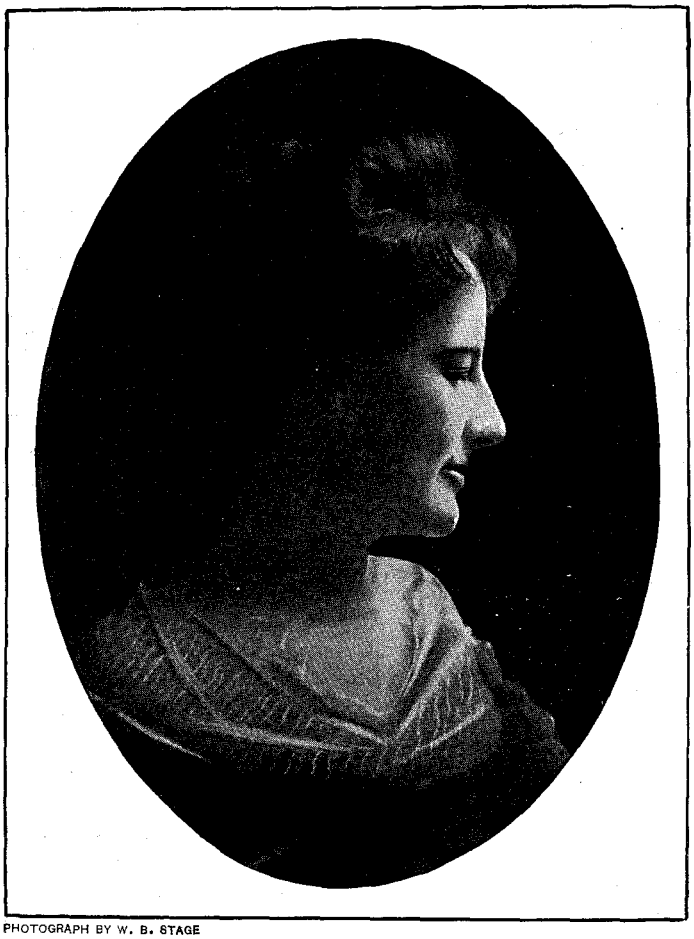

PHOTOGRAPH BY W. B. STAGE

THE MISTRESS OF SAGAMORE HILL

even when, as sometimes happened, they would swoop down to the bed and scuttle across it.

IN THE YELLOWSTONE WITH JOHN BURROUGHS

One April I went to Yellowstone Park, when the snow was still very deep, and I took John Burroughs with me. I wished to show him the big game of the Park, the wild creatures that have become so astonishingly tame and tolerant of human presence. In the Yellowstone the animals seem always to behave as one wishes them to! It is always possible to see the sheep and deer and antelope, and also the great herds of elk, which are shyer than the smaller beasts. In April we found the elk weak after the short commons and hard living of winter. Once without much difficulty I regularly rounded up a big band of them, so that John Burroughs could look at them. I do not think, however, that he cared to see them as much as I did. The birds interested him more, especially a tiny owl the size of a robin which we saw perched on the top of a tree in mid-afternoon entirely uninfluenced by the sun and making a queer noise like a cork being pulled from a bottle. I was rather ashamed to find how much better his eyes were than mine in seeing the birds and grasping their differences.

THE BEAR-HUNTERS' DINNER

When wolf-hunting in Texas, and when bear-hunting in Louisiana and Mississippi, I was not only enthralled by the sport, but also by the strange new birds and other creatures, and the trees and flowers I had not known before. By the way, there was one feast at the White House which stands above all others in my memory—even above the time when I lured Joel Chandler Harris thither for a night, a deed in which to triumph, as all who knew that inveterately shy recluse will testify. This

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FROM THE SUMMER-HOUSE AT SAGAMORE HILL

was "the bear-hunters' dinner." I had been treated so kindly by my friends on these hunts, and they were such fine fellows, men whom I was so proud to think of as Americans, that I set my heart on having them at a hunters' dinner at the White House. One December I succeeded; there were twenty or thirty of them, all told, as good hunters, as daring riders, as first-class citizens as could be found anywhere; no finer set of guests ever sat at meat in the White House; and among other game on the table was a black bear, itself contributed by one of these same guests.

WITH JOHN MUIR IN THE YOSEMITE

When I first visited California, it was my good fortune to see the "big trees," the Sequoias, and then to travel down into the Yosemite with John Muir. Of course of all people in the world he was the one with whom it was best worth while thus to see the Yosemite. He told me that when Emerson came to California he tried to get him to come out and camp with him, for that was the only way in which to see at their best the majesty and charm of the Sierras. But at the time Emerson was getting old and could not go. John Muir met me with a couple of packers and two mules to carry our tent, bedding, and food for a three days' trip. The first night was clear, and we lay down in the darkening isles of the great Sequoia grove. The majestic trunks, beautiful in color and in symmetry, rose round us like the pillars of a mightier cathedral than ever was conceived even by the fervor of the Middle Ages. Hermit thrushes sang beautifully in the evening, and again, with a burst of wonderful music, at dawn. I was interested and a little surprised to find that, unlike John Burroughs, John Muir cared little for birds or bird songs, and knew little about them. The hermit thrushes meant nothing to him, the trees and the flowers and the cliffs everything. The only birds he noticed or cared for were some that were very conspicuous, such as the water-ousels—always particular favorites of mine too. The second night we camped in a snow-storm, on the edge of the canyon walls, under the spreading limbs of a grove of mighty silver firs; and next day we went down into the wonderland of the valley itself. I shall always be glad that I was in the Yosemite with John Muir and in the Yellowstone with John Burroughs.

WITH SIR EDWARD GREY IN THE NEW FOREST

Like most Americans interested in birds and books, I know a good deal about English birds as they appear in books. I know the lark of Shakespeare and Shelley and the Ettrick Shepherd; I know the nightingale of Milton and Keats; I know Wordsworth's cuckoo; I know mavis and merle singing in the merry green wood of the old ballads; I know Jenny Wren and Cock Robin of the nursery books. Therefore I had always much desired to hear the birds in real life; and the opportunity offered in June, 1910, when I spent two or three weeks in England.

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As I could snatch but a few hours from a very exacting round of pleasures and duties, it was necessary for me to be with some companion who could identify both song and singer. In Sir Edward Grey, a keen lover of outdoor life in all its phases, and a delightful companion, who knows the songs and ways of English birds as very few do know them, I found the best possible guide.

We left London on the morning of June 9, twenty-four hours before I sailed from Southampton. Getting off the train at Basingstoke, we drove to the pretty, smiling valley of the Itchen. Here we tramped for three or four hours, then again drove, this time to the edge of the New Forest, where we first took tea at an inn and then tramped through the forest to an inn on its other side, at Brockenhurst. At the conclusion of our walk my companion made a list of the birds we had seen, putting an asterisk (*) opposite those which we had heard sing. There were forty-one of the former and twenty-three of the latter, as follows:

*Thrush, *blackbird, *lark, *yellowhammer, *robin, *wren, *golden-crested wren, *goldfinch, *chaffinch, *greenfinch, pied wagtail, sparrow, *dunnock (hedge accentor), missel thrush, starling, rook, jackdaw, *blackcap, *garden warbler, *willow warbler, *chiffchaff, *wood warbler, tree-creeper, *reed bunting, *sedge warbler, coot, water hen, little grebe (dabchick), tufted duck, wood pigeon, stock dove, *turtle dove, peewit, tit (? coal tit), *cuckoo, *nightjar, *swallow, martin, swift, pheasant, partridge.

KEEP, NOT KILL

The valley of the Itchen is typically the England that we know from novel and story and essay. It is very beautiful in every way, with a rich, civilized, fertile beauty—the rapid brook twisting among its reed beds, the rich green of trees and grass, the stately woods, the gardens and fields, the exceedingly picturesque cottages, the great handsome houses standing in their parks. Birds were plentiful; I know but few places in America where one would see such an abundance of individuals, and I was struck by seeing such large birds as coots, water hens, grebes, tufted ducks, pigeons, and peewits. In places in America as thickly settled as the valley of the Itchen I should not expect to see any like number of birds of this size; but I hope that the efforts of the Audubon societies and kindred

THE NORTH ROOM AT SAGAMORE HILL

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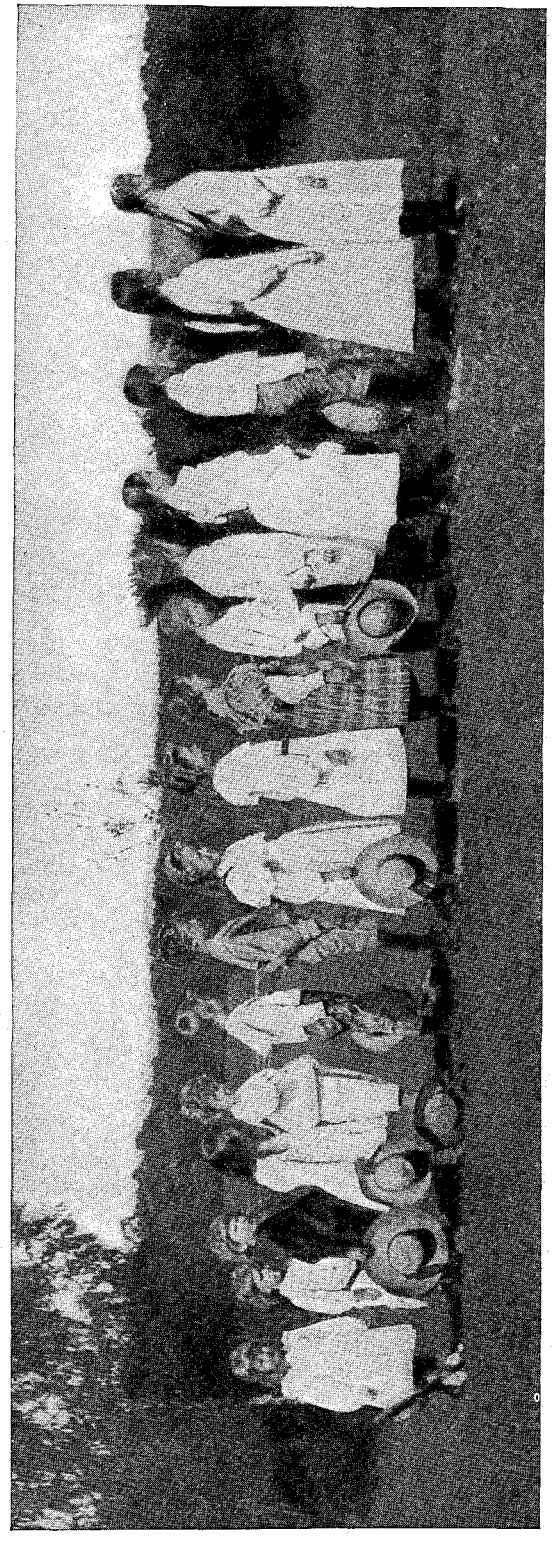

THE SIXTEEN COUSINS

organizations will gradually make themselves felt until it becomes a point of honor not only with the American man, but with the American small boy, to shield and protect all forms of harmless wild life. True sportsmen should take the lead in such a movement, for if there is to be any shooting there must be something to shoot; the prime necessity is to keep, and not kill out, even the birds which in legitimate numbers may be shot.

The New Forest is a wild, uninhabited stretch of heath and woodland, many of the trees gnarled and aged, and its very wildness, the lack of cultivation, the ruggedness, made it strongly attractive in my eyes, and suggested my own country. The birds of course were much less plentiful than beside the Itchen.

THE LEADER OF THE CHORUS

The bird that most impressed me on my walk was the blackbird. I had already heard nightingales in abundance near Lake Como, and had also listened to larks, but I had never heard either the blackbird, the song thrush, or the blackcap warbler; and while I knew that all three were good singers, I did not know what really beautiful singers they were. Blackbirds were very abundant, and they played a prominent part in the chorus which we heard throughout the day on every hand, though perhaps loudest the following morning at dawn. In its habits and manners the blackbird strikingly resembles our American robin, and indeed looks exactly like a robin with a yellow bill and coal-black plumage. It hops everywhere over the lawns, just as our robin does, and it lives and nests in the gardens in the same fashion. Its song has a general resemblance to that of our robin, but many of the notes are far more musical, more like those of our wood thrush. Indeed, there were individuals among those we heard certain of whose notes seemed to me

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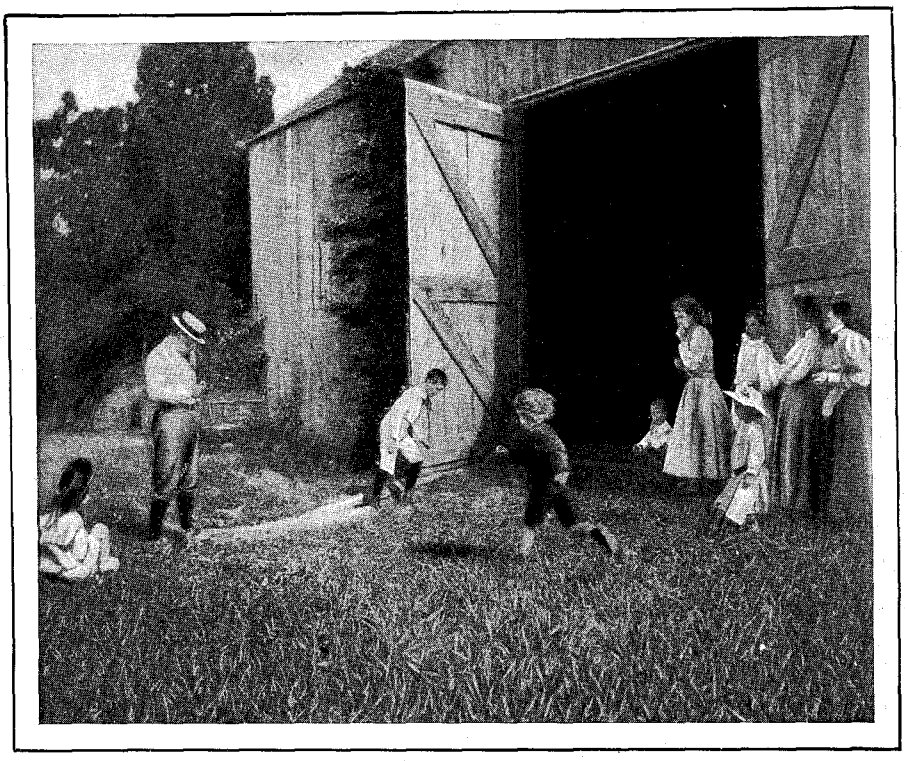

THE OBSTACLE RACE AROUND THE OLD BARN

almost to equal in point of melody the chimes of the wood thrush; and the highest possible praise for any song-bird is to liken its song to that of the wood thrush or hermit thrush. I certainly do not think that the blackbird has received full justice in the books. I knew that he was a singer, but I really had no idea how fine a singer he was. I suppose one of his troubles has been his name, just as with our own catbird. When he appears in the ballads as the merle, bracketed with his cousin the mavis, the song thrush, it is far easier to recognize him as the master singer that he is. It is a fine thing for England to have such an asset of the countryside, a bird so common, so much in evidence, so fearless, and such a really beautiful singer.

SINGERS IN THE BIRD CHOIR

The thrush is a fine singer too, a better singer than our American robin, but to my mind not at the best quite as good as the blackbird at his best; although often I found difficulty in telling the song of one from the song of the other, especially if I heard only two or three notes.

The larks were, of course, exceedingly attractive. It was fascinating to see them spring from the grass, circle upwards, steadily singing and soaring for several minutes, and then return to the point whence they had started. As my companion pointed out, they exactly fulfilled Wordsworth's description; they soared but did not roam. It is quite impossible wholly to differentiate a bird's voice from its habits and surroundings. Although in the lark's song there are occasional musical notes, the song as a whole is not very musical; but it is so joyous, buoyant, and unbroken, and uttered under such conditions, as fully to entitle the bird to the place he occupies with both poet and prose writer.

The most musical singer we heard was the blackcap warbler. To my ear its song seemed more musical than that of the nightingale. It was astonishingly powerful for so small a bird; in volume and continuity it does not come up to the songs of the thrushes and of certain other birds, but in quality, as an isolated bit of melody, it can hardly be surpassed.

Among the minor singers the robin was noticeable. We all know this pretty little bird from the books, and I was prepared to find him as friendly and attractive as he proved to be, but I had not realized how well he sang. It is not a loud song, but very musical and attractive, and the bird is said to sing

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DAISIES

practically all through the year. The song of the wren interested me much, because it was not in the least like that of our house wren, but, on the contrary, like that of our winter wren. The theme is the same as the winter wren's, but the song did not seem to me to be as brilliantly musical as that of the tiny singer of the North Woods. The sedge warbler sang in the thick reeds a mocking ventriloquial lay, which reminded me at times of the less pronounced parts of our yellow-breasted chat's song. The cuckoo's cry was singularly attractive and musical, far more so than the rolling, many times repeated note of our rain-crow.

We did not reach the inn at Brockenhurst until about nine o'clock, just at nightfall, and a few minutes before that we heard a night-jar. It did not sound in the least like either our whippoorwill or our night-hawk, uttering a long-continued call of one or two syllables, repeated over and over. The chaffinch was very much in evidence, continually chaunting its unimportant little ditty. I was pleased to see the bold, masterful missel thrush, the stormcock as it is often called; but this bird breeds and sings in the early spring, when the weather is still tempestuous, and had long been silent when we saw it. The starlings, rooks, and jackdaws did not sing, and their calls were attractive merely as the calls of our grackles are attractive; and the other birds that we heard sing, though they played their part in the general chorus, were performers of no especial note, like our tree-creepers, pine warblers, and chipping-sparrows. The great spring chorus had already begun to subside, but the woods and fields were still vocal with beautiful bird music, the country was very lovely, the inn as comfortable as possible, and the bath and supper very enjoyable after our tramp; and altogether I passed no pleasanter twenty-four hours during my entire European trip.

BACK TO THE HOME BIRDS

Ten days later, at Sagamore Hill, I was among my own birds, and was much interested as I listened to and looked at them in remembering the notes and actions of the

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BUBBLES

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birds I had seen in England. On the evening of the first day I sat in my rocking-chair on the broad veranda, looking across the Sound towards the glory of the sunset. The thickly grassed hillside sloped down in front of me to a belt of forest from which rose the golden, leisurely chiming of the wood thrushes, chanting their vespers; through the still air came the warble of vireo and tanager; and after nightfall we heard the flight song of an ovenbird from the same belt of timber. Overhead an oriole sang in the weeping elm, now and then breaking his song to scold like an overgrown wren. Song-sparrows and catbirds sang in the shrubbery; one robin had built its nest over the front and one over the back door, and there was a chippy's nest in the wistaria vine by the stoop. During the next twenty-four hours I saw and heard, either right around the house or while walking down to bathe, through the woods, the following forty-two birds:

Little green heron, night heron, red-tailed hawk, yellow-billed cuckoo, kingfisher, flicker, humming-bird, swift, meadow-lark, red-winged blackbird, sharp-tailed finch, song-sparrow, chipping-sparrow, bush-sparrow, purple finch, Baltimore oriole, cowbunting, robin, wood thrush, thrasher, catbird, scarlet tanager, red-eyed vireo, yellow warbler, black-throated green warbler, kingbird, wood peewee, crow, blue jay, cedar-bird, Maryland yellowthroat, chickadee, black and white creeper, barn swallow, white-breasted swallow, ovenbird, thistle-finch, vesper-finch, indigo bunting, towhee, grasshopper-sparrow, and screech owl.

IN FULL SONG

The birds were still in full song, for on Long Island there is little abatement in the chorus until about the second week of July, when the blossoming of the chestnut trees patches the woodland with frothy greenish-yellow.[1]

Our most beautiful singers are the wood thrushes; they sing not only in the early morning but throughout the long, hot June afternoons. Sometimes they sing in the trees immediately around the house, and if the air is still we can always hear them from among the tall trees at the foot of the hill. The thrashers sing in the hedgerows beyond the garden, the catbirds everywhere. The catbirds have such an attractive song that it is extremely irritating to know that at any moment they may interrupt it to mew and squeal. The bold, cheery music of the robins always seems typical of the bold, cheery birds themselves. The Baltimore orioles nest in the young elms around the house, and the orchard orioles in the apple trees near the garden and outbuildings. Among the earliest sounds of spring is the cheerful, simple, homely song of the song-sparrow; and in March we also hear the piercing cadence of the meadow-lark—to us one of the most attractive of all bird calls. Of late years now and then we hear the rollicking, bubbling melody of the bobolink in the pastures back of the barn; and when the full chorus of these and of many other of the singers of spring is dying down, there are some true hot-weather songsters, such as the brightly hued indigo buntings and thistle-finches. Among the finches one of the most musical and plaintive songs is that of the bush-sparrow—I do not know why the books call it field-sparrow, for it does not dwell in the open fields like the vesper-finch, the savannah-sparrow, and the grasshopper-sparrow, but among the cedars and bayberry bushes and young locusts in the same places where the prairie warbler is found. Nor is it only the true songs that delight us. We love to hear the flickers call, and we readily pardon any one of their number which, as occasionally happens, is bold enough to wake us in the early morning by drumming on the shingles of the roof. In our ears the red-winged blackbirds have a very attractive note. We love the screaming of the red-tailed hawks as they soar high overhead, and even the calls of the night heron that nest in the tall water maples by one of the wood ponds on our place, and the little green herons that nest beside the salt marsh. It is hard to tell just how much of the attraction in any bird-note lies in the music itself and how much in the associations. This is what makes it so useless to try to compare the bird songs of one country with those of another. A man who is worth anything can no more be entirely impartial in speaking of the bird songs with which from his earliest childhood he has been familiar than he can be entirely impartial in speaking of his own family.

THINGS PRIZED AT SAGAMORE HILL

At Sagamore Hill we love a great many things—birds and trees and books, and all things beautiful, and horses and rifles and children and hard work and the joy of life.

[1] Alas! the blight has now destroyed the chestnut trees, and robbed our woods of one of their distinctive beauties.

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We have great fireplaces, and in them the logs roar and crackle during the long winter evenings. The big piazza is for the hot, still afternoons of summer. As in every house, there are things that appeal to the householder because of their associations, but which would not mean much to others. Naturally, any man who has been President, and filled other positions, accumulates such things, with scant regard to his own personal merits. Perhaps our most cherished possessions are a Remington bronze, "The Bronco Buster," given me by my men when the regiment was mustered out, and a big Tiffany silver vase given to Mrs. Roosevelt by the enlisted men of the battle-ship Louisiana after we returned from a cruise on that vessel to Panama. It was a real surprise gift, presented to her in the White House, on behalf of the whole crew, by four as strapping man-of-war's-men as ever swung a turret or pointed a twelve-inch gun. The enlisted men of the army I already knew well—of course I knew well the officers of both army and navy. But the enlisted men of the navy I grew to know well only when I was President. On the Louisiana Mrs. Roosevelt and I once dined at the chief petty officers' mess, and on another battle-ship, the Missouri (when I was in company with Admiral Evans and Captain Cowles), and again on the Sylph and on the Mayflower, we also dined as guests of the crew. When we finished our trip on the Louisiana I made a short speech to the assembled crew, and at its close one of the petty officers, the very picture of what a man-of-war's-man should look like, proposed three cheers for me in terms that struck me as curiously illustrative of America at her best; he said, "Now then, men, three cheers for Theodore Roosevelt, the typical American citizen!" That was the way in which they thought of the American President—and a very good way, too. It was an expression that would have come naturally only to men in whom the American principles of government and life were ingrained, just as they were ingrained in the men of my regiment. I need scarcely add, but I will add for the benefit of those who do not know, that this attitude of self-respecting identification of interest and purpose is not only compatible with but can only exist when there is fine and real discipline, as thorough and genuine as the discipline that has always obtained in the most formidable fighting fleets and armies. The discipline and the mutual respect are complementary, not antagonistic. During the Presidency all of us, but especially the children, became close friends with many of the sailor men. The four bearers of the vase to Mrs. Roosevelt were promptly hailed as delightful big brothers by our two smallest boys, who at once took them to see the sights of Washington in the landau—"the President's land-ho!" as, with seafaring humor, our guests immediately styled it. Once, after we were in private life again, Mrs. Roosevelt was in a railway station and had some difficulty with her ticket. A fine-looking, quiet man stepped up and asked if he could be of help; he remarked that he had been one of the Mayflower's crew, and knew us well; and in answer to a question explained that he had left the navy in order to study dentistry, and added—a delicious touch—that while thus preparing himself to be a dentist he was earning the necessary money to go on with his studies by practicing the profession of a prize-fighter, being a good man in the ring.

There are various bronzes in the house: Saint-Gaudens's "Puritan," a token from my staff officers when I was Governor; Proctor's cougar, the gift of the Tennis Cabinet—who also gave us a beautiful silver bowl, which is always lovingly pronounced to rhyme with "owl" because that was the pronunciation used at the time of the giving by the valued friend who acted as spokesman for his fellow-members, and who was himself the only non-American member of the said Cabinet. There is a horseman by Macmonnies, and a big bronze vase by Kemys, an adaptation or development of the pottery vases of the Southwestern Indians. Mixed with all of these are gifts from varied sources, ranging from a brazen Buddha sent me by the Dalai Lama and a wonderful psalter from the Emperor Menelik to a priceless ancient Samurai sword coming from Japan in remembrance of the peace of Portsmouth, and a beautifully inlaid miniature suit of Japanese armor given me by a favorite hero of mine, Admiral Togo, when he visited Sagamore Hill. There are things from European friends; a mosaic picture of Pope Leo XIII in his garden; a huge, very handsome edition of the Nibelungenlied; a striking miniature of John Hampden from Windsor Castle; editions of Dante, and the campaigns of "Eugenio von Savoy" (another of my heroes, a dead hero this time); a Viking cup; the state sword of a Uganda king; the gold box in which the "freedom of the city

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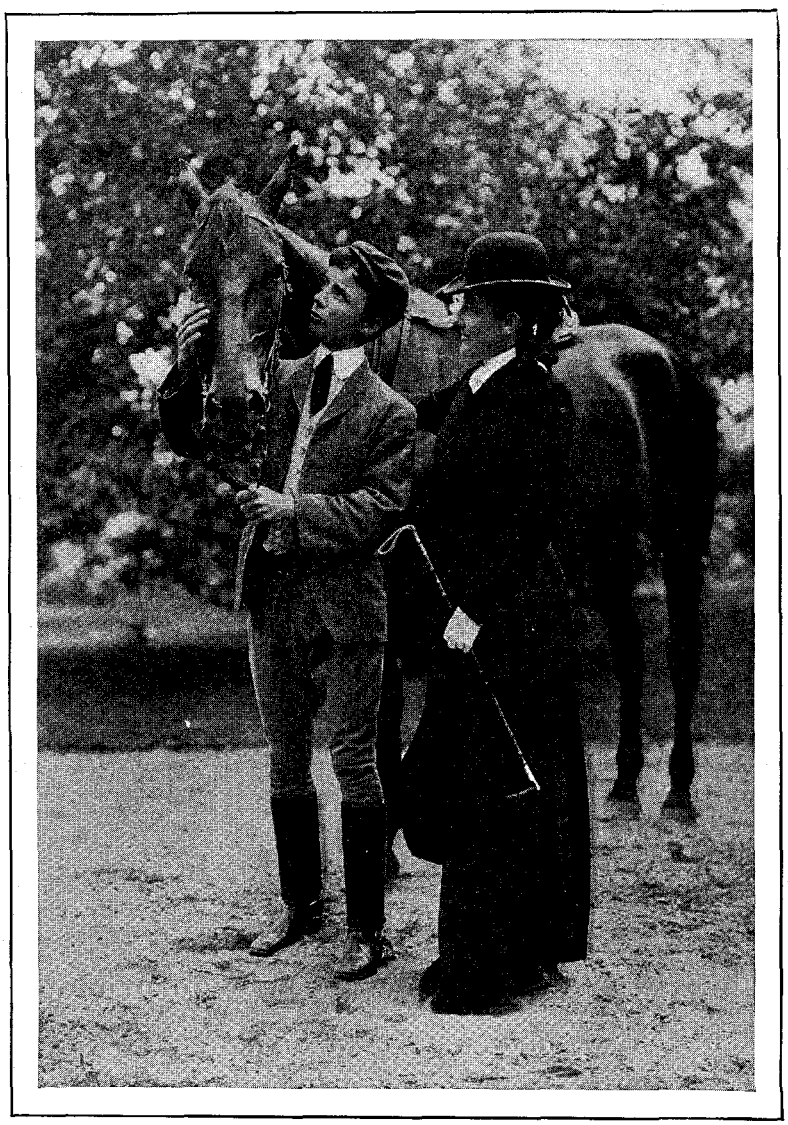

BEFORE THE MORNING RIDE AT SAGAMORE HILL

of London" was given me; a beautiful head of Abraham Lincoln given me by the French authorities after my speech at the Sorbonne; and many other things from sources as diverse as the Sultan of Turkey and the Dowager Empress of China. Then there are things from home friends: a polar bear skin from Peary; a Sioux buffalo robe with on it, painted by some long-dead Sioux artist, the picture story of Custer's fight; a bronze portrait plaque of Joel Chandler Harris; the candlestick used in sealing the Treaty of Portsmouth, sent me by Captain Cameron Winslow; a shoe worn by Dan Patch when he paced a mile in 1:59, sent me by his owner. There is a picture of a bull moose by Carl Rungius, which seems to me as spirited an animal painting as I have ever seen. In the north room, with its tables and mantelpiece and desks and chests made of woods sent from the Philippines by army friends or by other friends for other reasons, with its bison and wapiti heads, there are three paintings by Marcus Symonds—"Where Light and Shadow Meet," "The Porcelain Towers," and "The Seats of the Mighty;" he is dead now, and he had scant recognition while he lived, yet surely he was a great imaginative artist, a wonderful colorist, and a man with a vision more wonderful still. There is one of Lun-

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gren's pictures of the Western plains; and a picture of the Grand Canyon; and one by a Scandinavian artist who could see the fierce picturesqueness of workaday Pittsburgh; and sketches of the White House by Sargent and by Hopkinson Smith.

BOOKS EVERYWHERE

The books are everywhere. There are as many in the north room and in the parlor—is drawing-room a more appropriate name than parlor?—as in the library; the gun-room at the top of the house, which incidentally has the loveliest view of all, contains more books than any of the other rooms; and they are particularly delightful books to browse among, just because they have not much relevance to one another, this being one of the reasons why they are relegated to their present abode. But the books have overflowed into all the other rooms too.

I could not name any principle upon which the books have been gathered. Books are almost as individual as friends. There is no earthly use in laying down general laws about them. Some meet the needs of one person, and some of another; and each person should beware of the book-lover's besetting sin, of what Mr. Edgar Allan Poe calls "the mad pride of intellectuality," taking the shape of arrogant pity for the man who does not like the same kind of books. Of course there are books which a man or woman uses as instruments of a profession—law books, medical books, cookery books, and the like. I am not speaking of these, for they are not properly "books" at all; they come in the category of time-tables, telephone directories, and other useful agencies of civilized life. I am speaking of books that are meant to be read. Personally, granted that these books are decent and healthy, the one test to which I demand that they all submit is that of being interesting. If the book is not interesting to the reader, then in all but an infinitesimal number of cases it gives scant benefit to the reader. Of course any reader ought to cultivate his or her taste so that good books will appeal to it, and that trash won't. But after this point has once been reached, the needs of each reader must be met in a fashion that will appeal to those needs. Personally the books by which I have profited infinitely more than by any others have been those in which profit was a by-product of the pleasure; that is, I read them because I enjoyed them, because I liked reading them, and the profit came in as part of the enjoyment.

A BIG-GAME LIBRARY

Of course each individual is apt to have some special tastes in which he cannot expect that any but a few friends will share. Now, I am very proud of my big-game library. I suppose there must be many big-game libraries in Continental Europe, and possibly in England, more extensive than mine, but I have not happened to come across any such library in this country. Some of the originals go back to the sixteenth century, and there are copies or reproductions of the two or three most famous hunting books of the Middle Ages, such as the Duke of York's translation of Gaston Phœbus, and the queer book of the Emperor Maximilian. It is only very occasionally that I meet any one who cares for any of these books. On the other hand, I expect to find many friends who will turn naturally to some of the old or the new books of poetry or romance or history to which we of the household habitually turn. Let me add that ours is in no sense a collector's library. Each book was procured because some one of the family wished to read it. We could never afford to take overmuch thought for the outsides of books; we were too much interested in their insides.

WHAT SHOULD A STATESMAN READ?

Now and then I am asked as to "what books a statesman should read," and my answer is, poetry and novels—including short stories under the head of novels. I don't mean that he should read only novels and modern poetry. If he cannot also enjoy the Hebrew prophets and the Greek dramatists, he should be sorry. He ought to read interesting books on history and government, and books of science and philosophy; and really good books on these subjects are as enthralling as any fiction ever written in prose or verse. Gibbon and Macaulay, Herodotus, Thucydides and Tacitus, the Heimskringla, Froissart, Joinville and Villehardouin, Parkman and Mahan, Mommsen and Ranke—why! there are scores and scores of solid histories, the best in the world, which are as absorbing as the best of all the novels, and of as permanent value. The same thing is true of Darwin and Huxley and Carlyle and Emerson, and parts of Kant, and of volumes like Sutherland's "Growth of the Moral Instinct," or Acton's Essays and Lounsbury's studies—

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THE FIRST GRANDCHILD AT SAGAMORE HILL

here again I am not trying to class books together, or measure one by another, or enumerate one in a thousand of those worth reading, but just to indicate that any man or woman of some intelligence and some cultivation can in some line or other of serious thought, scientific or historical or philosophical or economic or governmental, find any number of books which are charming to read, and which in addition give that for which his or her soul hungers. I do not for a minute mean that the statesman ought not to read a great many different books of this character, just as every one else should read them. But, in the final event, the statesman, and the publicist, and the reformer, and the agitator for new things, and the upholder of what is good in old things, all need more than anything else to know human nature, to know the needs of the human soul; and they will find this nature and these needs set forth as nowhere else by the great imaginative writers, whether of prose or of poetry.

BOOKS AND BOOK LISTS

The room for choice is so limitless that to my mind it seems absurd to try to make catalogues which shall be supposed to appeal to all the best thinkers. This is why I have no sympathy whatever with writing lists of *the* One Hundred Best Books, or *the* Five-Foot Library. It is all right for a man to amuse himself by composing *a* list of a hundred very good books; and if he is to go off for a year or so where he cannot get many books, it is an excellent thing to choose a five-foot library of particular books which in that particular year and on that particular trip he would like to read. But there is no such thing as a hundred books that are best for all men, or

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for the majority of men, or for one man at all times; and there is no such thing as a five-foot library which will satisfy the needs of even one particular man on different occasions extending over a number of years. Milton is best for one mood and Pope for another. Because a man likes Whitman or Browning or Lowell he should not feel himself debarred from Tennyson or Kipling or Körner or Heine or the Bard of the Dimbovitza. Tolstoy's novels are good at one time and those of Sienkiewicz at another; and he is fortunate who can relish Salammbo and Tom Brown and the Two Admirals and Quentin Durward and Artemus Ward and the Ingoldsby Legends and Pickwick and Vanity Fair. Why, there are hundreds of books like these, each one of which, if really read, really assimilated, by the person to whom it happens to appeal, will enable that person quite unconsciously to furnish himself with much ammunition which he will find of use in the battle of life.

BOOKS SHOULD MEET INDIVIDUAL TASTES

A book must be interesting to the particular reader at that particular time. But there are tens of thousands of interesting books, and some of them are sealed to some men and some are sealed to others; and some stir the soul at some given point of a man's life and yet convey no message at other times. The reader, the book-lover, must meet his own needs without paying too much attention to what his neighbors say those needs should be. He must not hypocritically pretend to like what he does not like. Yet at the same time he must avoid that most unpleasant of all the indications of puffed-up vanity which consists in treating mere individual, and perhaps unfortunate, idiosyncrasy as a matter of pride. I happen to be devoted to Macbeth, whereas I very seldom read Hamlet (though I like parts of it). Now I am humbly and sincerely conscious that this is a demerit in me and not in Hamlet; and yet it would not do me any good to pretend that I like Hamlet as much as Macbeth when, as a matter of fact, I don't. I am very fond of simple epics and of ballad poetry, from the Nibelungenlied and the Roland song through "Chevy Chase" and "Patrick Spens" and "Twa Corbies" to Scott's poems and Longfellow's "Saga of King Olaf" and "Othere." On the other hand, I don't care to read dramas as a rule; I cannot read them with enjoyment unless they appeal to me very strongly. They must almost be Æschylus or Euripides, Goethe or Molière, in order that I may not feel after finishing them a sense of virtuous pride in having achieved a task. Now I would be the first to deny that even the most delightful old English ballad should be put on a par with any one of scores of dramatic works by authors whom I have not mentioned; I know that each of these dramatists has written what is of more worth than the ballad; only, I enjoy the ballad, and I don't enjoy the drama; and therefore the ballad is better for me, and this fact is not altered by the other fact that my own shortcomings are to blame in the matter. I still read a number of Scott's novels over and over again, whereas if I finish anything by Miss Austen I have a feeling that duty performed is a rainbow to the soul. But other book-lovers who are very close kin to me, and whose taste I know to be better than mine, read Miss Austen all the time—and, moreover, they are very kind, and never pity me in too offensive a manner for not reading her myself.

JACK AND HIS MASTER

Aside from the masters of literature, there are all kinds of books which one person will find delightful, and which he certainly ought not to surrender just because nobody else is able to find as much in the beloved volume. There is on our book-shelves a little pre-Victorian novel or tale called "The Semi-Attached Couple." It is told with much humor; it is a story of gentlefolk who are really gentlefolk; and to me it is altogether delightful. But outside the

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members of my own family I have never met a human being who had even heard of it, and I don't suppose I ever shall meet one. I often enjoy a story by some living author so much that I write to tell him so—or to tell her so; and at least half the time I regret my action, because it encourages the writer to believe that the public shares my views, and he then finds that the public doesn't.

THE SMALL BOY OF THE WHITE HOUSE

BETTER THAN BOOKS

Books are all very well in their way, and we love them at Sagamore Hill; but children are better than books. Sagamore Hill is one of three neighboring houses in which small cousins spent very happy years of childhood. In the three houses there were at one time sixteen of these small cousins, all told, and once we ranged them in order of size and took their photograph. There are many kinds of success in life worth having. It is exceedingly interesting and attractive to be a successful business man, or railway man, or farmer, or a successful lawyer or doctor; or a writer, or a President, or a ranchman, or the colonel of a fighting regiment, or to kill grizzly bears and lions. But for unflagging interest and enjoyment, a household of children, if things go reasonably well, certainly makes all other forms of success and achievement lose their importance by comparison.

THE COUNTRY FOR CHILDREN

It may be true that he travels farthest who travels alone; but the goal thus reached is not worth reaching. And as for a life deliberately devoted to pleasure as an end—why, the greatest happiness is the happiness that comes as a by-product of striving to do what must be done, even though sorrow is met in the doing. There is a bit of homely philosophy, quoted by Squire Bill Widener, of Widener's Valley, Virginia, which sums up one's duty in life: "Do what you can, with what you've got, where you are."

The country is the place for children, and if not the country, a city small enough so that one can get out into the country. When our own children were little, we were for several winters in Washington, and each Sunday afternoon the whole family spent in Rock Creek Park, which was then very real country indeed. I would drag one of the children's wagons; and when the very smallest pairs of feet grew tired of trudging bravely after us, or of racing on rapturous side trips after flowers and other treasures, the owners would clamber into the wagon. One of these wagons, by the way, a gorgeous red one, had "Express" painted on it in gilt letters, and was known to the younger children as the "'spress" wagon. They evidently associated the color with the term. Once while we were at Sagamore something happened to the cherished "'spress" wagon, to the distress of the children, and especially of the child who owned it. Their mother and I were just starting for a drive in the buggy, and we promised the bereaved owner that we would visit a store we knew in East Norwich, a village a few miles away, and bring back another "'spress" wagon. When we reached the store, we found to our dismay that the wagon which we had seen had been sold. We could not bear to return without the promised gift, for we knew that the brains of small persons are much puzzled when their elders seem to break promises. Fortunately, we saw in the store a delightful little bright-red chair and bright-red table, and these we brought home and handed solemnly over to the expectant recipient, explaining that as there unfortunately was not a "'spress" wagon we had brought him back a "'spress" chair and "'spress" table. It worked beautifully! The "'spress" chair and table were received with such rapture that we had to get duplicates for the other small member of the family who was the particular crony of the proprietor of the new treasures.

THE COMEDY OF CHILD LIFE

When their mother and I returned from a row, we would often see the children wait-

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UNDER THE PORCH AT SAGAMORE HILL

ing for us, running like sand-spiders along the beach. They always liked to swim in company with a grown-up of buoyant temperament and inventive mind, and the float offered limitless opportunities for enjoyment while bathing. All dutiful parents know the game of "stage-coach;" each child is given a name, such as the whip, the nigh leader, the off-wheeler, the old lady passenger, and, under penalty of paying a forfeit, must get up and turn round when the grown-up, who is improvising a thrilling story, mentions that particular object; and when the word "stage-coach" is mentioned, everybody has to get up and turn round. Well, we used to play stage-coach on the float while in swimming, and instead of tamely getting up and turning round, the child whose turn it was had to plunge overboard. When I mentioned "stage-coach," the water fairly foamed with vigorously kicking little legs; and then there was always a moment of interest while I counted, so as to be sure that the number of heads that came up corresponded with the number of children who had gone down.

No man or woman will ever forget the time when some child lies sick of a disease that threatens its life. Moreover, much less serious sickness is unpleasant enough at the time. Looking back, however, there are elements of comedy in certain of the less serious cases. I well remember one such instance which occurred when we were living in Washington, in a small house, with barely enough room for everybody when all the chinks were filled. Measles descended on the household. In the effort to keep the children that were well and those that were sick apart, their mother and I had to camp out in improvised fashion. When the eldest small boy was getting well, and had recovered his spirits, I slept on a sofa beside his bed—the sofa being so short that my feet projected over anyhow. One afternoon a toy organ was given to the small boy by a sympathetic friend. Next morning early I was waked to find the small boy very vivacious and requesting a story. Having drowsily told the story, I said, "Now, father's told you a story, so you amuse yourself and let father go to sleep;" to which the small boy responded most virtuously, "Yes, father will go to sleep and I'll play the organ," which he did, at a distance of two feet from my head. Later his sister, who had just come down with the measles, was put into the same room. The small boy was convalescing, and was engaged in playing on the floor with some tin ships, together with two or three pasteboard monitors and rams of my own manufacture. He was giving a vivid rendering of Farragut at Mobile Bay, from memories of how I had told the story. My pasteboard rams and monitors were fascinating—if a naval architect may be allowed to praise his own work—and as property they were equally divided between the little girl and the small boy. The little girl

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looked on with alert suspicion from the bed, for she was not yet convalescent enough to be allowed down on the floor. The small boy was busily reciting the phases of the fight, which now approached its climax, and the little girl evidently suspected that her monitor was destined to play the part of victim.

Little boy. "And then they steamed bang into the monitor."

Little girl. "Brother, don't you sink my monitor!"

Little boy (without heeding, and hurrying toward the climax). "And tne torpedo went at the monitor!"

Little girl. "My monitor is not to sink!"

Little boy, dramatically. "And bang the monitor sank!"

Little girl. "It didn't do any such thing. My monitor always goes to bed at seven, and it's now quarter past. My monitor was in bed and *couldn't* sink!"

When I was Assistant Secretary of the Navy, Leonard Wood and I used often to combine forces and take both families of children out to walk, and occasionally some of their playmates. Leonard Wood's son, I found, attributed the paternity of all of those not of his own family to me. Once we were taking the children across Rock Creek on a fallen tree. I was standing on the middle of the log trying to prevent any of the children from falling off, and while making a clutch at one peculiarly active and heedless child I fell off myself. As I emerged from the water I heard the little Wood boy calling frantically to the General: "Oh! oh! The father of all the children fell into the creek!"—which made me feel like an uncommonly moist patriarch.

Of course the children took much interest in the trophies I occasionally brought back from my hunts. When I started for my regiment, in '98, the stress of leaving home, which was naturally not pleasant, was somewhat lightened by the next to the youngest boy, whose ideas of what was about to happen were hazy; he clasped me round the legs with a beaming smile and said, "And is my father going to the war? And will he bring me back a bear?" When, some five months later, I returned, of course in my uniform, this little boy was much puzzled as to my identity, although he greeted me affably with "Good afternoon, Colonel." Half an hour later somebody asked him, "Where's father?" to which he responded, "I don't know; but the Colonel is taking a bath."

Of course the children anthropomorphized—if that is the proper term—their friends of the animal world. Among these friends at one period was the baker's horse, and on a very rainy day I heard the little girl, who was looking out of the window, say, with a melancholy shake of her head, "Oh! there's poor Kraft's horse, all soppin' wet!"

While I was in the White House the youngest boy became an habitué of a small and rather noisome animal shop, and the good-natured owner would occasionally let him take pets home to play with. On one occasion I was holding a conversation with one of the leaders in Congress, Uncle Pete Hepburn, about the Railroad Rate Bill. The children were strictly trained not to interrupt business, but on this particular occasion the little boy's feelings overcame him. He had been loaned a king-snake, which, as all nature-lovers know, is not only a useful but a beautiful snake, very friendly to human beings; and he came rushing home to show the treasure. He was holding it inside his coat, and it contrived to wiggle partly down the sleeve. Uncle Pete Hepburn naturally did not understand the full import of what the little boy was saying to me as he endeavored to wriggle out of his jacket, and kindly started to help him—and then jumped back with alacrity as the small boy and the snake both popped out of the jacket.

PLAY AND PETS

There could be no healthier and pleasanter place in which to bring up children than in that nook of old-time America around Sagamore Hill. Certainly I never knew small people to have a better time or a better training for their work in after life than the three families of cousins at Sagamore Hill. It was real country, and—speaking from the somewhat detached point of view of the masculine parent—I should say there was just the proper mixture of freedom and control in the management of the children. They were never allowed to be disobedient or to shirk lessons or work; and they were encouraged to have all the fun possible. They often went barefoot, especially during the many hours passed in various enthralling pursuits along and in the waters of the bay. They swam, they tramped, they boated, they coasted and skated in winter, they were intimate friends with the cows, chickens, pigs,

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and other live stock. They had in succession two ponies, General Grant and, when the General's legs became such that he lay down too often and too unexpectedly in the road, a calico pony named Algonquin, who is still living a life of honorable leisure in the stable and in the pasture—where he has to be picketed, because otherwise he chases the cows. Sedate pony Grant used to draw the cart in which the children went driving when they were very small, the driver being their old nurse Mame, who had held their mother in her arms when she was born, and who was knit to them by a tie as close as any tie of blood. I doubt whether I ever saw Mame really offended with them except once when, out of pure but misunderstood affection, they named a pig after her! They loved pony Grant. Once I saw the then little boy of three hugging pony Grant's fore legs. As he leaned over, his broad straw hat tilted on end, and pony Grant meditatively munched the brim; whereupon the small boy looked up with a wail of anguish, evidently thinking the pony had decided to treat him like a radish.

The children had pets of their own, too, of course. Among them guinea pigs were the stand-bys—their highly unemotional nature fits them for companionship with adoring but over-enthusiastic young masters and mistresses. Then there were flying squirrels, and kangaroo rats, gentle and trustful, and a badger whose temper was short but whose nature was fundamentally friendly. The badger's name was Josiah; the particular little boy whose property he was used to carry him about, clasped firmly around what would have been his waist if he had had any. Inasmuch as when on the ground the badger would play energetic games of tag with the little boy and nip his bare legs, I suggested that it would be uncommonly disagreeable if he took advantage of being held in the little boy's arms to bite his face; but this suggestion was repelled with scorn as an unworthy assault on the character of Josiah. "He bites legs sometimes, but he never bites faces," said the little boy.

We also had a young black bear whom the children christened Jonathan Edwards, partly out of compliment to their mother, who was descended from that great Puritan divine, and partly because the bear possessed a temper in which gloom and strength were combined in what the children regarded as Calvinistic proportions. As for the dogs, of course there were many, and during their lives they were intimate and valued family friends, and their deaths were household tragedies. One of them, a large yellow animal of several good breeds and valuable rather because of psychical than physical traits, was named "Susan" by his small owners, in commemoration of another retainer, a white cow; the fact that the cow and the dog were not of the same sex being treated with indifference. Much the most individual of the dogs and the one with the strongest character was Sailor Boy, a Chesapeake Bay dog. He had a masterful temper and a strong sense of both dignity and duty. He would never let the other dogs fight, and he himself never fought unless circumstances imperatively demanded it; but he was a murderous animal when he did fight. He was not only exceedingly fond of the water, as was to be expected, but passionately devoted to gunpowder in every form, for he loved firearms and fairly reveled in the Fourth of July celebrations—the latter being rather hazardous occasions, as the children strongly objected to any "safe and sane" element being injected into them, and had the normal number of close shaves with rockets, Roman candles, and firecrackers.

FUN IN THE OLD BARN

One of the stand-bys for enjoyment, especially in rainy weather, was the old barn. This had been built nearly a century previously, and was as delightful as only the pleasantest kind of old barn can be. It stood at the meeting-spot of three fences. A favorite amusement used to be an obstacle race when the barn was full of hay. The contestants were timed and were started successively from outside the door. They rushed inside, clambered over or burrowed through the hay, as suited them best, dropped out of a place where a loose board had come off, got over, through, or under the three fences, and raced back to the starting-point. When they were little, their respective fathers were expected also to take part in the obstacle race, and when with the advance of years the fathers finally refused to be contestants, there was a general feeling of pained regret among the children at such a decline in the sporting spirit.

NEAR THE SOUND

Another famous place for handicap races was Cooper's Bluff, a gigantic sand-bank rising from the edge of the bay, a mile from

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the house. If the tide was high there was an added thrill, for some of the contestants were sure to run into the water.

As soon as the little boys learned to swim they were allowed to go off by themselves in rowboats and camp out for the night along the Sound. Sometimes I would go along so as to take the smaller children. Once a schooner was wrecked on a point half a dozen miles away. She held together well for a season or two after having been cleared of everything down to the timbers, and this gave us the chance to make camping-out trips in which the girls could also be included, for we put them to sleep in the wreck, while the boys slept on the shore; squaw picnics, the children called them.

THE LITTLE COVE SCHOOL

My children, when young, went to the public school near us, the little Cove School, as it is called. For nearly thirty years we have given the Christmas tree to the school. Before the gifts are distributed I am expected to make an address, which is always mercifully short, my own children having impressed upon me with frank sincerity the attitude of other children to addresses of this kind on such occasions. There are of course performances by the children themselves, while all of us parents look admiringly on, each sympathizing with his or her particular offspring in the somewhat wooden recital of "Darius Green and his Flying Machine" or "The Mountain and the Squirrel had a Quarrel." But the tree and the gifts make up for all shortcomings.

CHRISTMAS TIME

We had a sleigh for winter; but if, when there was much snow, the whole family desired to go somewhere, we would put the body of the farm wagon on runners and all bundle in together. We always liked snow at Christmas time, and the sleigh-ride down to the church on Christmas eve. One of the hymns always sung at this Christmas eve festival begins, "It's Christmas eve on the river, it's Christmas eve on the bay." All good natives of the village firmly believe that this hymn was written here, and with direct reference to Oyster Bay; although if such were the case the word "river" would have to be taken in a hyperbolic sense, as the nearest approach to a river is the village pond. I used to share this belief myself, until my faith was shaken by a Denver lady who wrote that she had sung that hymn when a child in Michigan, and that at the present time her little Denver babies also loved it, although in their case the river was not represented by even a village pond.

CHURCH, STUDY, AND READING

When we were in Washington, the children usually went with their mother to the Episcopal church, while I went to the Dutch Reformed. But if any child misbehaved itself, it was sometimes sent next Sunday to church with me, on the theory that my companionship would have a sedative effect—which it did, as I and the child walked along with rather constrained politeness, each eying the other with watchful readiness for the unexpected. On one occasion, when the child's conduct fell just short of warranting extreme measures, his mother, as they were on the point of entering church, concluded a homily by a quotation which showed a certain haziness of memory concerning the marriage and baptismal services: "No, little boy, if this conduct continues, I shall think that you neither love, honor, nor obey me!" However, the culprit was much impressed with a sense of shortcoming as to the obligations he had undertaken; so the result was as satisfactory as if the quotation had been from the right service.

As for the education of the children, there was of course much of it that represented downright hard work and drudgery. There was also much training that came as a by-product and was perhaps almost as valuable—not as a substitute but as an addition. After their supper the children, when little, would come trotting up to their mother's room to be read to, and it was always a surprise to me to notice the extremely varied reading which interested them, from Howard Pyle's "Robin Hood," Mary Alicia Owen's "Voodoo Tales," and Joel Chandler Harris's "Aaron in the Wild Woods," to "Lycidas" and "King John." If their mother was absent, I would try to act as vice-mother—a poor substitute, I fear—superintending the supper and reading aloud afterwards. The children did not wish me to read the books they desired their mother to read, and I usually took some such book as "Hereward the Wake," or "Guy Mannering," or "The Last of the Mohicans," or else some story about a man-eating tiger, or a man-eating lion, from one of the hunting books in my library. These latter stories were always favorites, and as the

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authors told them in the first person, my interested auditors grew to know them by the name of the "I" stories, and regarded them as adventures all of which happened to the same individual. When Selous, the African hunter, visited us, I had to get him to tell to the younger children two or three of the stories with which they were already familiar from my reading; and as Selous is a most graphic narrator, and always enters thoroughly into the feeling not only of himself but of the opposing lion or buffalo, my own rendering of the incidents was cast entirely into the shade.

Besides profiting by the more canonical books on education, we profited by certain essays and articles of a less orthodox type. I wish to express my warmest gratitude for such books—not of avowedly didactic purpose—as Laura Richards's books, Josephine Dodge Daskam's "Madness of Philip," Palmer Cox's "Queer People," the melodies of Father Goose and Mother Wild Goose, Flandreau's "Mrs. White's," Myra Kelly's stories of her little East Side pupils, and Michelson's "Madigans." It is well to take duties, and life generally, seriously. It is also well to remember that a sense of humor is a healthy anti-scorbutic to that portentous seriousness which defeats its own purpose.

Occasionally bits of self-education proved of unexpected help to the children in later years. Like other children, they were apt to take to bed with them treasures which they particularly esteemed. One of the boys, just before his sixteenth birthday, went moose-hunting with the family doctor and close personal friend of the entire family, Alexander Lambert. Once night overtook them before they camped, and they had to lie down just where they were. Next morning Dr. Lambert rather enviously congratulated the boy on the fact that stones and roots evidently did not interfere with the soundness of his sleep; to which the boy responded, "Well, doctor, you see it isn't very long since I used to take fourteen china animals to bed with me every night!"

GROWING UP

As the children grew up, Sagamore Hill remained delightful for them. There were picnics and riding parties, there were dances in the north room—sometimes fancy dress dances—and open-air plays on the green tennis court of one of the cousin's houses. The children are no longer children now. Most of them are men and women, working out their own fates in the big world; some in our own land, others across the great oceans or where the Southern Cross blazes in the tropic nights. Some of them have children of their own; some are working at one thing, some at another; in cable ships, in business offices, in factories, in newspaper offices, building steel bridges, bossing gravel trains and steam shovels, or laying tracks and superintending freight traffic. They have had their share of accidents and escapes; as I write, word comes from a far-off land that one of them, whom Seth Bullock used to call "Kim" because he was the friend of all mankind, while bossing a dangerous but necessary steel structural job, has had two ribs and two back teeth broken, and is back at work. They have known and they will know joy and sorrow, triumph and temporary defeat. But I believe they are all the better off because of their happy and healthy childhood.

It is impossible to win the great prizes of life without running risks, and the greatest of all prizes are those connected with the home. No father and mother can hope to escape sorrow and anxiety, and there are dreadful moments when death comes very near those we love, even if for the time being it passes by. But life is a great adventure, and the worst of all fears is the fear of living. There are many forms of success, many forms of triumph. But there is no other success that in any shape or way approaches that which is open to most of the many, many men and women who have the right ideals. These are the men and the women who see that it is the intimate and homely things that count most. They are the men and women who have the courage to strive for the happiness which comes only with labor and effort and self-sacrifice, and only to those whose joy in life springs in part from power of work and sense of duty.

The next installment of Mr. Roosevelt's "Chapters of a Possible Autobiography" is entitled "The Presidency; Making an Old Party Progressive." It will appear in The Outlook of November 22

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NATURE MONTH BY MONTH

BY ERNEST INGERSOLL

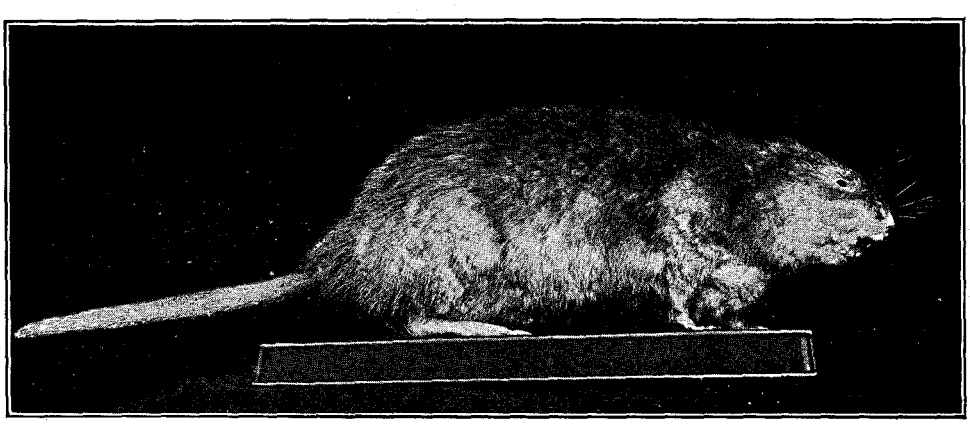
NOVEMBER—RETROSPECT AND PROSPECT

OUR American November is askew with reference to the English autumn, and our writers—especially of verse—have too often taken their inspiration from literary tradition, rather than from facts, in their treatment of it. Hence we sit, warm and comfortable, on some favorite stone wall in the bright, dry air of our American November, and open our book of poems to find it "drear" and "melancholy"! Are the poets less affected by the weather than they pretend to be, or—what? There are some wet, cold, howling days, of course, for the north is returning to its immemorial battle with the south, and skirmishers of chill rain now and then make raids upon us; but in our middle and southerly States the greater part of the month is dry and sunny, cool yet balmy, so that it is as delightful to be out of doors as in May.

In the earlier days of the month especially, landscape pictures of serene beauty greet us, full of mellow radiance. Nothing can be more beautiful than some great marsh at this season, where broad flickerings of subtly changing color sweep over the reeds, which rustle and click in response to the wavelets that laugh about their stems. They are as delicate as the pulsations of the aurora or the smiling of the summer sea, when all the flags turn now their blades, now their edges, under the alternating pressure of the wind, or reveal for an instant the golden gleam of a thousand crowded stems; and nearer are white feathery tufts, and patches of warm color, where other plants or heathery bushes grow, or the bright green of the margin traces in emerald the course of some devious rivulet.

The water is little chilled as yet, and the aquatic life goes on, growing scarcer and more sluggish as the month wanes, when many die and others creep into the warm mud for their winter repose. Along the seashore mackerel and bluefish, sheepshead, sea-bass, and many lesser fishes disappear, retreating to more southerly or deeper waters. Yet with some others this is the season of the highest activity. Cod and caplin are thronging in the shallow waters of northern bays, coming to spawn; while inland the trout and its kindred are on their spawning-beds at the heads of the streams, or beneath the forming ice that soon will seal the northern lakes. To the coast marshes and to open rivers and ponds in the interior come northern ducks, where also lingering woodcocks and bay-birds attract the gunner.

The woodchucks are safely bedded in their underground nests, and various mice and ground-squirrels are sleepily completing their winter stores, while muskrat and beaver put the finishing touches to their well-moated homes. The deer are rushing about, heed-



FROM A MODEL AT THE AMERICAN MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY

THE MUSKRAT

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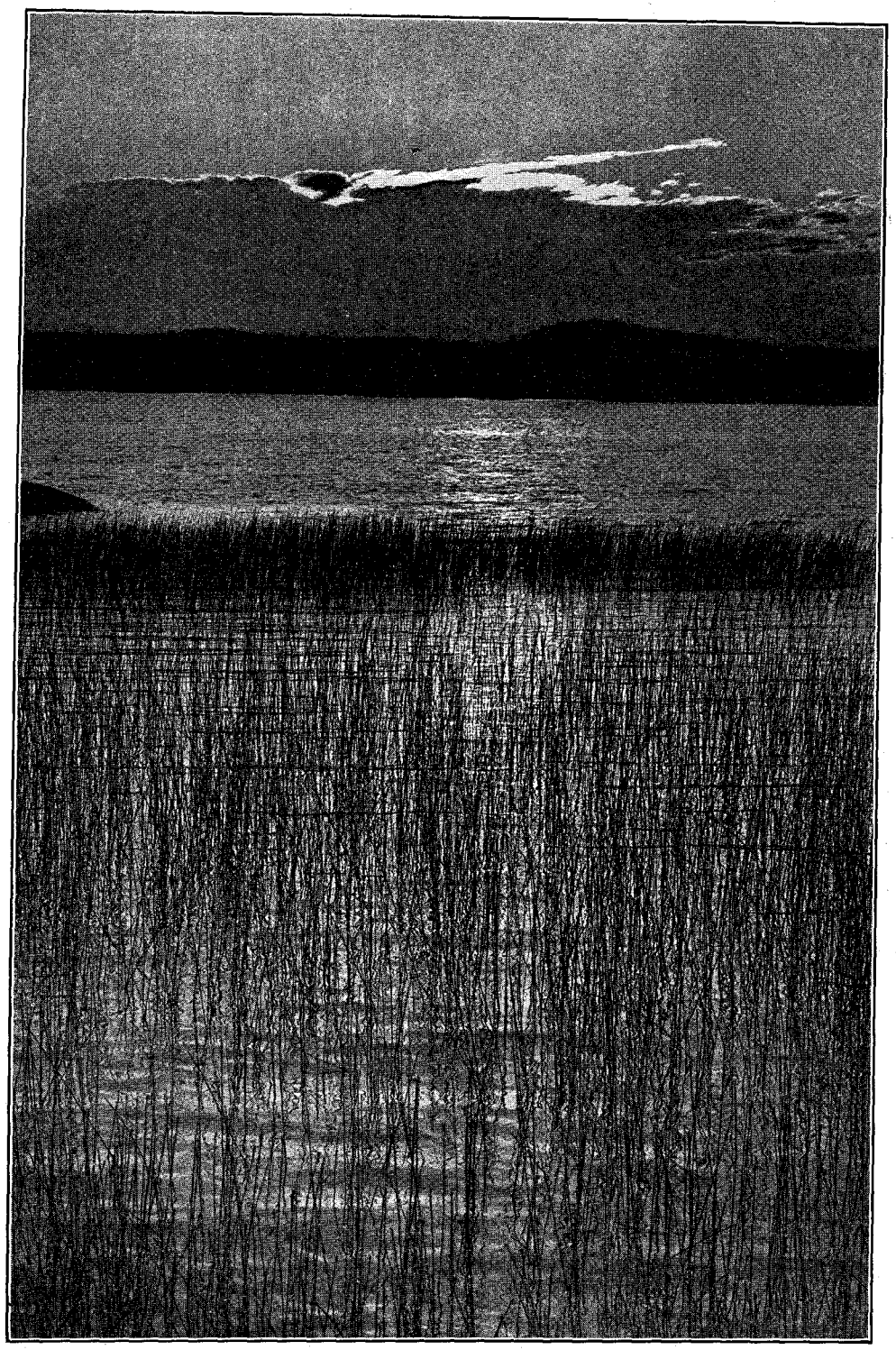

PHOTOGRAPH BY J. KABEL

"NOTHING CAN BE MORE BEAUTIFUL THAN SOME GREAT MARSH AT THIS SEASON"

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less of appearances in the storm and stress of their fierce courting, impetuously wooing the does and battling for them with each other. Bears, also, are mating; and with the first severe cold the she-bear will seek some snug grass-furnished den in which to rest until her midwinter accouchement. The males, however, continue to wander about, and often fall to the hunter's gun or trap, for their thick coats are now worth getting. By the end of the month, indeed, the pelts of all the fur-bearers—ermine, marten, fisher, and lynx in the north; muskrat, mink, and fox everywhere—are becoming "prime." Molly Cottontail trembles every time she hears the barking of a dog or the crack of a gunshot.

The muskrat is, so to speak, the animal of the month, for his haycock-like houses are now visible in almost every marsh and stagnant river-course in the country. They are usually constructed before November, but are added to and improved, as the rains increase the height of the water about them, until ice stops the work. These houses vary greatly in situation, form, and material, and frequently the clever creatures will utilize a hollow stump standing beside the water and capable of being entered below its surface. In such a case they will roof over and cover the stump until it is hidden.

Their greatest anxiety is in regard to the stability of the structure, and hence they often erect their lodges upon platforms laid in a clump of swamp trees, bring sticks and other materials from the shore, and make a house which will, with annual repairs, be occupied for several years. When no such fixed supports are utilized, the ground is usually carefully prepared for a foundation, the soft mud being cleared away down to the hard stream-bottom. The materials will be gathered from the immediate neighborhood, thus clearing a space and deepening the water about the structure. In some cases the foundation consists of sticks and reeds laid crisscross, or in a regularly radiate manner, and weighted with mud, making the firmest possible underpinning.

The study of the architecture of the muskrats derives especial interest from the popular belief that the height of their houses indicates the length or the rigor of the winter to come, the assertion being that they make much taller and thicker lodges in early and cold winters than in mild ones. This notion probably arose from the animal's habit, alluded to above, of working at a betterment of his house until late in the fall. At any rate, no dependence is to be placed on the "sign." The muskrat has no more prescience than you or I. Dr. C. C. Abbott, of Trenton, N. J., who was favorably situated for the test, made careful notes of this matter along the Delaware River for twenty years, and found no relation whatever between the size and character of the muskrat houses and the character of the winters.

The world in November is quiet. Insect noises are hushed, save the droning of a few late bumblebees loth to go to their underground chambers, the finer song of gnats waltzing in the yellow sunlight, the rustle and chirp of a few crickets, and here and there the rattle sprung by a startled grasshopper. Bird voices are few. Most of the summer's songsters have departed, and the few that linger—such as redwings, flocking on the marshes, the redbird, robin, meadow-lark, and the vesper and song sparrows—are silent. Chickadees and nuthatches still call in the orchard, the quails from the stubble; but about the house we welcome the cheerful clinking of the snowbirds, whose chatter sounds like the clashing of quartz pebbles.

The woods are nearly leafless by the end of the month, save where oaks abound; and now we note the characteristics of the bark of the trees and the habits of their branches—the feathery, brush-like head of the birch; the ugly skeleton of the powdery-skinned poplars; the curled-in twigs of the dogwood; and so on.

But why do their leaves fall? It is not a matter of frost. Some trees are stripped before frost comes—others keep their foliage long after its arrival. The process is the result of a natural severance between the tree and its leaf, no longer useful. Really it is pushed off by a new leaf-bud forming underneath its point of attachment, slowly getting ready to continue its service next spring. Thus the autumnal falling of the leaf is not a matter for tears and doleful poems, but for hope and rejoicing, since it tells of another birth, and exhibits how alive and energetic is the tree. One might say, in fact, that the beginning of the year is *now*, rather than in spring; for when the vernal warmth, with its stimulus of growth, arrives, it finds the trees well started and ready to take advantage of the first "growing weather."

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A PIRATE'S RANSOM

BY CAROLINE CLIFFORD

IT happened on a November afternoon in a small, half-deserted square called Booksellers' Court, one of the back eddies left by the business of the great city in its onward sweep. As twilight fell, the dealers in old prints and second-hand books who held precarious possession of the place, and whose stalls encroached on its narrow sidewalk, lighted now and then a flimsy gas jet for the sake of the few customers who still lingered, turning over pamphlets yellow with age and leather-bound books with covers dropping into fine dust under even the tenderest touch.

The owner of one of these small shops sat perched on a high stool at a desk near the door, keeping watch on his wares within and without. His long nose followed closely the ruled columns of his account-book, but his near-set eyes shifted constantly from side to side and took in all that happened within their small radius. It was in this way that they surprised the sudden expression of boyish delight that swept across the face of the Rev. Samuel Whiting as he bent over one of the dusty boxes full of odds and ends. The tall figure in clerical black, with white hair escaping in striking contrast from under the felt hat, straightened itself quickly, like the taut line of the angler who has felt a nibble.

"I vonder what he's got now," the shopkeeper said to himself, and, recalling the Doctor's love of early theological literature and his strange indifference to cost when anything struck his fancy, he made a mental note to double the price of whatever work on divinity it should prove to be.

A few minutes later Dr. Whiting stepped up to the desk and showed him a small, fat, square book, much worn, with its front cover gone and on its title-page in thick, black, staring letters this inscription, "The Pirate's Own Book." "I want this," he said, gently. "What is your price?"

Amazement upset the bookseller's calculations.

"I could haf got twice as much for that trash if I had not been a fool," he owned to himself later.

So the minister carried "The Pirate" off in triumph, and more than once on the way home a whimsical, half-dreamy expression crossed his face and he fingered the little book almost lovingly.

"My dear," he said to his wife that evening as they sat before the open fire in his library, "I had an odd experience to-day—a very pleasant one," he added quickly. "I found a book I have been looking for for many years. I am glad to own it again. It is really wonderful how many of our desires are granted us in this world if we only have the patience to wait." He leaned forward and passed "The Pirate" to his wife.

Mrs. Whiting dropped the fine sewing she was holding near the lamplight; when had she not dropped anything and everything that concerned herself to meet her husband's slightest wish? She was not especially fond of old theological works, but she knew the Doctor's hobby and was used to welcoming a new treasure. This time, however, her sweet face wore a rather blank, uncomprehending expression as she turned the pages of "The Pirate's Own Book."

"You can see it has lost its cover," he explained, taking it from her; "I must have it rebound. It was maroon and gold, I remember, and there was a famous likeness of a pirate on the outside. He wore a short, full-skirted coat, and there were pistols at his belt and a cutlass at his side, and—why, why—yes, there he is himself on the second title-page. You can see him in black and white, but he was much finer, I assure you, in maroon and gilt on the outside."

When two people live long together, they get to understand each other's unspoken as well as spoken words, especially if one of the two people happens to be a woman. Mrs. Whiting filled out her husband's incomplete recital.

"I suppose the book was given to you when you were a child, my dear, and that in some way you lost it; isn't that so?"

"Yes," he said, "I lost it," and relapsed into silence, watching the fire over the recumbent figure of the pugnacious Pirate.

"I'm sure I must have told the story many times," he said at last; "but what is a man's wife good for if not to listen to his old tales? I was quite a little lad—I don't remember how old, about Lewis's age perhaps—"

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"Lewis will be ten next month," interrupted Mrs. Whiting.

"Yes; well, I might have been about that age, perhaps younger. At any rate, it was the first money I remember having of my own, to do with as I pleased. 'Get something for yourself that you would like to keep in memory of your old aunt,' was what Aunt Susannah said as she slipped the silver pieces into my hand. And I bought 'The Pirate's Own Book.' I think, as I look back, that it's quite doubtful whether Aunt Susannah would have approved my choice; indeed, I hardly see now any close connection between Aunt Susannah and pirates. You must remember Aunt Susannah, my dear? She lived until after we were married."

"I remember her gray puffs," said his wife, "because I never saw any others like them. Nobody else ever wore hair arranged that way."

"Yes; well, as I was saying, I saw 'The Pirate' first in the window of a bookshop. I saw him suddenly, just as I saw him to-day, only of course he was young then, and very fresh and gorgeous in maroon and gold; and, when I went in and asked his price, it seemed a kind of providential leading that it should be exactly the amount of Aunt Susannah's gift, which was burning in my pocket at that moment. So I carried the book home, and for several days I lived a crowded, glorious life of piratical joy, full of sea battles, gory wounds, blood-dripping sabers, and headless corpses. I got through six or eight chapters, skipping the long words, and we were just on the track of the buried treasure, when my dear mother— She was perfectly right, she was always right; no doubt I was wasting much valuable time with the pirates—only—well, well, she had never been a boy, that was all, and that of course she could not help. She was not responsible for that, and she had planned something quite different for me to do with the money."

"But the money was your own," interrupted Mrs. Whiting. "You know we always let our children spend their own money as they chose, and now Lewis does the same thing."

"Yes; but you must remember those are quite modern ideas. It was different when I was young. I can see my dear mother's beautiful eyes and hear her voice now as she said: 'My son, I think with your first money you should buy the best book in the world; don't you? I meant you to have a Bible of your own that would last all your life long, and be your treasure always. I wish you had consulted me first.'

"I wanted to say I was sorry I had not, but I could not lie to her. Instead, I said, awkwardly enough, 'It's too late now,' and felt a secret joy at the thought. But it was not too late, after all." The Doctor looked up at his wife with an odd little twinkle in his eye. "'The Pirate' was exchanged for a Bible, my dear," he said, simply.

"It was cruel, cruel!" she exclaimed, with less than her usual discretion.

"Not at all, not at all," he answered, quickly; "my dear mother was quite right, according to the ideas of those days."

There was silence but for the pleasant crackle of the burning logs in the fireplace.

"I must have that Bible somewhere now," he said suddenly after a while, turning a guilty eye toward a high and hidden corner of the library shelves. He rose, and, walking straight to the spot, reached down a small Bible, handsomely bound in red morocco with gold lettering. Its leaves were as fresh and the red gilding on their edges as bright as if the book had been bought that day; some of them stuck together when the Doctor tried to open them. On the blank page in front was written in a clear, beautiful, old-fashioned hand, "Samuel Whiting, in memory of his Aunt Susannah, May 6, 18—."

"Somehow or other, my dear," he said, "I have never felt impelled to use this Bible; I have had others. I hope my good aunt has never known it. Probably she cannot see us from the excellent place she is undoubtedly in at present."

He went back to his easy chair, and, gazing into the fire, dropped into a reverie, while "The Pirate" and the Bible—long-separated companions—met amicably upon his knee.

"Why don't you give it to Lewis?" asked Mrs. Whiting, breaking in on his thoughts after a time.

"Just what I was thinking of," he exclaimed, leaning forward to put the logs together with the long brass-handled tongs. "It is remarkable how people's thoughts are tuned in harmony by a long life together. My dear, you make the most admirable suggestions! Lewis is just of an age to appreciate pirates."

"But I did not mean the pirate book; I meant the Bible," said his wife. "As you say, you have others, and it would be very nice and very suitable for Lewis to have his

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grandfather's first Bible—one just as good as new, too."

"I doubt if Lewis would care much for the Bible," said Dr. Whiting, slowly; "I mean, of course, for this particular copy; and there never was a boy who did not love pirates. Besides, my dear Helen, I was also thinking of the old French proverb, 'One can only keep what one gives away.' It is very true; and I should feel a bit selfish and foolish to keep 'The Pirate's Own Book' now. I would rather give my little grandson a pleasure I missed myself. I don't see any objection to it, do you?"

Mrs. Whiting glanced rather disapprovingly at the rough woodcut of the untutored Pirate, and she compared him involuntarily with the beautiful illustrations that filled the books on the shelves of Lewis's already well-stocked little bookcase. But she could not hurt the heart she loved best in the world. She was silent for a moment, then she said, quietly:

"I wish Lewis cared more for reading, as you say you used to do when you were a boy. But he never has; and just now he is so crazy about wireless telegraphy and flying-machines that he thinks of nothing else. Perhaps later he will like his books; I hope so."

"I'm sure, if anything could induce him to read more, a fine story of sea battles and buried treasures would do so. There is something quite sympathetic about my Pirate's face, after all; don't you think so?" asked Dr. Whiting, taking up the book again.

"No doubt I am a foolish old man," he went on; "I'm half ashamed to think how many times I have searched for this old book, and hoped to pick it up somewhere, in some lot of odds and ends, just as happened to-day. For of course the book is out of print now."

"That is why I want you to keep it yourself," said his wife. "Lewis has a great many pleasures. His father has just given him a little flying-machine. Fortunately, it is much too small for Lewis to go up in it. I believe it goes alone."

But her husband did not hear her. He was reading "The Pirate's Own Book" with an amused and contented expression.

A week later "The Pirate" returned from the bookbinder's resplendent in red and gold, and occupied a place of honor on the minister's desk, awaiting the arrival of his future owner. Dr. Whiting glanced at the pirate now and then, with marked satisfaction, from the sermon he was writing.

"Lindborg has done very well," he said to himself; "I should like to make as good a job of my sermon."

All at once the study door leading into the garden burst open and the papers on the desk went flying in wild confusion about the room.

"Hurry up, grandfather!" cried a boy's voice. "Don't you want to see the new monoplane? She doing fine now, and I want you quick before anything goes wrong. Do come now!"

Two small, vigorous arms went round the Doctor's neck, and the last written sentences of his sermon were nearly strangled.

"She's a hydroplane, you know," and the squeeze tightened; "she floats in the fountain. It's just great to see her take the air. She's got wheels, too, so she's a perfectly good aeroplane besides—just like a big one."

"Perhaps grandfather would rather finish his sermon first, Lewis, dear," said Mrs. Whiting's voice from the door.

Lewis's radiant face clouded, and he kept a disappointed silence.

"No, no; I'll come now," said the Doctor, smiling; "but I'm afraid you are a spoiled boy, little son. I wonder if it is good for you to have your every wish gratified." And, pushing back his papers and putting away his half-written sermon, he prepared to continue the process he deprecated.

But as he rose his eyes encountered those of "The Pirate," standing boldly on the desk top arrayed in his new finery.

"See here, son," he cried, forgetting the monoplane, while boyish delight spread over his face, "look what grandfather has for you. Did you ever see such a famous pirate? He's the genuine article, I can tell you. I knew you'd like the book. I had it when I was a boy, and at last I've found a copy for you. Don't you think red suits the Pirate's complexion perfectly? And there's the black flag flying at the mast of his ship—see?"

He held out the book, and Lewis, gently urged by his grandmother, came back, rather unwillingly, from the door which he had already reached on his way out into the garden.

"Yes, sir," he said, politely, but without enthusiasm; then, remembering his manners, "thank you, sir," he added. And, taking the book from his grandfather's outstretched hand, he listened, poised on one reluctant

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foot, to more clerical encomiums on piracy, until at last his patience was exhausted and he burst out:

"But there aren't any pirates nowadays, are there, grandfather, dear? And, if there were, they wouldn't stand much chance with air-ships flying about over them, would they? Why, a good monoplane could drop a bomb down on a pirate ship and sink her before she knew it! Oh, do come out right now into the garden and see the hydroplane—I'm so afraid the wind will change before she gets off again," and, laying the book on the desk and seizing his grandfather's arm, he tried to draw him toward the open door.

Dr. Whiting stood a moment, irresolute, and many thoughts chased each other rapidly through his mind. "'The old order changeth,' sure enough," he murmured. He looked down at the eager upturned face beside him, and his own was grave. Then suddenly he smiled, and, turning, he let his little grandson lead him out into the very latest and most modern world of all.

"The Pirate" remained in possession of the minister's study.

THE NEW BOOKS

Westways. By Dr. S. Weir Mitchell. The Century Company, New York. $1.40.

This is not, like "Hugh Wynne," a semi-historical story; but it has historical value, for it is an intimate account of the Civil War as that war affected a Pennsylvania family with Southern connections. From the social, political, and financial points of view the disturbance, not to say disruption, caused by the Civil War is very interestingly and intimately told. This is the twenty-fourth or twenty-fifth volume of serious prose from the hand of Dr. Mitchell, always a careful, conscientious, and skillful writer. Beginning late in life, he has achieved a notable position among writers of serious fiction, and more than once has given the public stories which have attained very wide reading. This story is perhaps not so popular in character as some of its predecessors; but it has substantial qualities and will interest many people.

Bendish: A Study in Prodigality. By Maurice Hewlett. Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $1.35.

This latest of Mr. Hewlett's many novels of daring individuality shows less constructive skill than some of its predecessors; it is not a novel in the conventional sense; it has no plot, and reads like a cross-section of Georgian history. It is not a sequel to "Mrs. Lancelot," but the current of the earlier story flows through it and broadens in scope. The Duke, admirably drawn with Mr. Hewlett's telling skill in portraiture, reappears not as a central figure but as a very efficient Providence to the heroine; a statesman who is also a past-master of political management. Mrs. Lancelot gains in interest and appeal. Poore, the uncalculating and incalculable, gathers dignity without any loss of individuality. But the triumph of the story is the creation of Bendish, a figure realized with extraordinary coherence and consistency. If the impression that he is a study from life has any foundation in fact, there is only one man who could have sat for the portrait. Byron has many of the Bendish qualities, but a far greater genius than Bendish discloses to the reader. It is a triumph of art to harmonize so many conflicting traits, such vigor of impulse and incoherence of purpose, in a credible personality; for Bendish is credible in spite of his inherent improbability. But the reader must interpret this portraiture, if it is a portrait, in liberal terms. Mr. Hewlett is never in straitened circumstances when it comes to invention, and if Bendish recalls Byron and the Duke suggests Wellington and Poore reminds one of Shelley, Mr. Hewlett's liking for biography as material for fiction is responsible. This novel falls short of greatness, but it entirely escapes from the commonplace, and has as little relation to the average story as a Rodin figure has to the commercialized work of a stone-cutter.

Story of Waitstill Baxter (The). By Kate Douglas Wiggin. Houghton Mifflin Company, Boston. $1.30.

The stories of the author of "The Birds' Christmas Carol" have grown up; all the girls in this intimate story of a little Maine village wear long dresses; that fact must be faced by the reader of this quiet tale of the New England of a generation ago. But the charm of youth has not vanished; the children have only gone on a bit and have reached the age of romance and marriage. That element of realism which is never lacking in any genuine chronicle of thrifty, hard-working, highly individualistic New England is personified in the storekeeper, who happens to be the father of the two girls whose story is told, who is so small that he would be invisible but for the skill of the novelist. The only word that describes him must be taken from the rural vocabulary: he is a "skinflint." He is the personification of thrift become a monomania, of individualism become a kind of insanity. In his home he is a tyrant the hard

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outlines of whose meanness and insensibility to human service and affection are undraped by a single virtue. The revolt of the daughters was inevitable and is the gist of the story. Incidentally the whole village comes onto the stage and there is plenty of shrewd rustic humor; the hard literalism, the deep-seated integrity, and the quaint characteristics always to be found in the country town are mingled in the story. The element of tragedy is supplied by one of those incursions of religious fanaticism which have made raids from time to time on unworldly folk in New England; the recurring appearance of false prophets who have been often victims of their own hallucinations. Of course the story ends as it should, in a tempered sunshine.

Gold. By Stewart Edward White. Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. $1.35.

A graphic narrative of the gold fever of '49. The young men who start for El Dorado from the East by way of Panama are typical lively Americans of their time. What they saw and experienced is put in story form. Mr. White has evidently "soaked himself" in the literature of his subject, and he has reproduced the excitement, the humors, the strange happenings, of that remarkable era with color and truth. The reader seems to see and hear as if he were actually living with miners and adventurers. It is a capital piece of work.

Thirteenth Juror (The). By Frederick Trevor Hill. The Century Company, New York. $1.20.

The Outlook had the pleasure of printing the connected stories which make up this volume. Our readers will remember "The Resurrectionist" and the succeeding tales, all of which showed, through the entertaining element of fiction and with the equally forceful merit of special knowledge, the way in which legal trickery and judicial delay can be employed to hinder justice and deprive the individual of his lawful resources and redress. Like other of Mr. Hill's books, the story is told with zest and humor.

Mystic Way (The). By Evelyn Underhill. E. P. Dutton & Co., New York. $3.50.

In this volume an accomplished scholar, a poet of acknowledged genius, exhibits the evolution of spiritual life toward the supreme height described by Paul as "filled unto all the fullness of God." This is found realized as a distinct type of life only by the religion of Jesus in its various degrees of ascent to the full consciousness of the union of the life of man with the life of God. While the Hindu mystic conceives of this as the extinction of his personality in the Infinite, the Christian mystic conceives of it not as self-absorption but as self-devotion to the work of God in the world, like that of the mystic Joan warring in the defense of France. Jesus himself is the supreme expression of this divinely human life. The evangelists realize it in various measure from Mark to John. Christianity, says Miss Underhill, cannot be understood apart from the psychological expression it induces in those who receive it in its fullness. She traces the mystic way pursued by Jesus from his baptism to the "deified life" exhibited in "the great confused poem of the Resurrection." From the facts which lie behind that poem the whole history of the Church descends. "Jesus is himself the poem, the symphony, which expresses his unique vision of truth." After him the mystic way is followed by Paul and John and in the early Church, and now is illustrated in liturgy. As the basis of this view Miss Underhill takes the Mass, as representing, "though in crude, symbolic fashion," the communion of human life with life divine. Copiously quoting from the great mystics, she has so fused their testimony with her own consciousness that her volume is a rare but noble type of modern religious experience.

Handy Book of Curious Information. By William S. Walsh. The J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia. $3.50.

This is a new volume in Mr. Walsh's series of "Handy Books," previous issues of which have dealt with popular customs and literary curiosities. This tells of strange incidents connected with men and animals, queer natural phenomena, odd statistics, and much else. From "cat mummies" to "railway kings," from "cold storage" to "Royal Academy," Mr. Walsh ranges far and wide. His information is not cyclopædic, but out-of-the-way, strange, or entertaining.

Poems and Ballads of Robert Louis Stevenson (The). Charles Scribner's Sons, New York. $2.

This forms one of a series of "Modern Poets" complete each in one volume. Many will be glad to have Stevenson's poems, which bulk larger than one might suppose. There is nothing more charming in the book than the great author's dedication of the "Child's Garden of Verses" to his old nurse, Alison Cunningham. A portrait and sketch of Alison have lately been printed in this country, and, in view of the renewed interest in her personality, we are sure that our readers will like to see again the tribute "From her Boy," as Stevenson headed it:

"For the long nights you lay awake
And watched for my unworthy sake:
For your most comfortable hand
That led me through the uneven land:
For all the story-books you read:
For all the pains you comforted:
For all you pitied, all you bore,
In sad and happy days of yore:—
My second Mother, my first Wife,
The angel of my infant life—
From the sick child, now well and old,
Take, nurse, the little book you hold!

And grant it, Heaven, that all who read
May find as dear a nurse at need,
And every child who lists my rhyme,
In the bright, fireside, nursery clime,
May hear it in as kind a voice
As made my childish days rejoice!

R. L. S."

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BY THE WAY

Nome, Alaska, was recently visited by a destructive storm which, followed by fire, wiped out a large portion of the town. But cities, like men, may "rise on stepping-stones of their dead selves to higher things," and no doubt the men of Nome, like those of Galveston and San Francisco, will build a better Nome out of the ruins.

The "World's Series" of baseball games closed with a complete victory of the Philadelphia "Athletics" over the New York "Giants," the Philadelphia nine winning four out of the five games played. The superiority of the Philadelphia club has now been demonstrated for the third time, it having won victories over the New York club in 1911 and over the Chicago club in 1910.

All-steel office cars are being introduced by the railways. The Pennsylvania Railroad has two in use and is building two more. By the use of these business cars last year, says the "Railway Age Gazette," Pennsylvania officials, while traveling 159,517 miles, were able to conduct the affairs of the railway just as if they had been in their own offices.

According to present indications, the "American Agriculturist" says, the world's production of the five leading grain staples for 1913 will be 1,250 millions of bushels less than last year, or an aggregate decrease of nearly ten per cent. If this proves true, we may as well bid good-by to those fond hopes as to the decreased cost of living.

Segundo Sanchez, a native of Panama, is prophesying another Noachian flood and the destruction of humanity by it, having apparently been unhinged by the magnitude of the operations which are to join the Atlantic and the Pacific. He has, it is reported, produced such an impression by his exhortations that his followers have built an ark and are engaged in collecting animals, "two by two," for preservation when the deluge comes.

The Essex County (New Jersey) Park Commission changed its road signs not long ago from "Go slow" to "Go slowly." The resulting criticism led the Commission to write to several professors of English for their opinion as to the correctness of the respective forms of the sign. A majority of the replies justify the use of "Go slow" as good English. Professor Denman, of the University of Michigan, pithily sums up the matter thus: "Both forms are 'grammatically' correct. 'Go slowly' is book-English. The average man would say 'Go slow.'"

George Ade, in the "Country Gentleman," describes himself as an "honest-to-goodness farmer, because I invested in farm lands all the money I made in the cities, and also because I am a bona-fide resident of a rural township out in the darkest Corn Belt." He believes that he has invested his money wisely, for he concludes: "I know that the number-one specimen of twentieth-century farmer can clean up $5,000 a year in these fat years from 160 acres of land."

The First Congregational Church of Flushing, Long Island, will soon institute Sunday vesper services of a somewhat unusual character. A large moving-picture theater, with its apparatus, has been secured for the services; moving pictures of suitable character will be shown, and at intervals the church quartet will sing in illustration of the pictures. The service will be entirely unsectarian, and will doubtless attract many persons who would not care to "go to church" on Sunday afternoon.

The travelers who boast about the number of times they have crossed the Atlantic should hearken to the story of Donald McCave, a greaser on the steamship Oceanic. He has made 389 voyages to America and back. It is estimated that he has traveled 2,400,000 miles on the Atlantic Ocean. He made 250 trips on one vessel, the Teutonic.

While Mohammedan fanaticism still makes a visit to the holy shrines of the Moslem faith dangerous to Christians, it is curious to find that the statistical investigations of the Giaours are being imitated by the Mohammedan authorities. The Sanitary Administration of the Ottoman Empire has lately issued a statistical statement about the pilgrimages to Mecca. In one recent year 83,995 pilgrims came to Mecca by sea alone. The largest number of these came from India, and a few came from as far as Japan.

"It was a serious matter for the pot hunter and a glad day for the wild birds when the United States Government took in hand the feathered wards of the Nation," Mr. T. G. Pearson, Secretary of the National Audubon Societies, says in "House and Garden." He refers to the new National law for the protection of migratory birds. A treaty on this subject with Canada and Mexico is urgently needed to further this Nation's efforts in this matter.

The British Admiralty has taken the important step of officially recognizing trade unions. In reply to the demands of the dockyard men, the Admiralty has agreed hereafter, in the event of disputes, to meet deputations of the workmen. These will be allowed to be accompanied by trade union leaders not employed in the dockyards.

Among Unitarian saints and worthies, says a writer in the "Christian Register," is to be included the almost forgotten name of Charles Bulfinch, "the first native-born architect of

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eminence in this country." Mr. Bulfinch designed the State House in Boston, University Hall at Harvard College, and the first Catholic church in New England; his most important work was the rebuilding of the National Capitol at Washington, in which city he also established a Unitarian church.

The floods in the West last March are estimated, in a memorandum issued by the Weather Bureau at Washington, to have cost $163,000,000. Of this loss Ohio and Indiana sustained more than seventy per cent.

New cars that have been designed for the subway in New York City will provide seats for 78 persons, instead of for 44 as at present. The trains during rush hours will provide seats for 624 passengers out of 1,200, while at present only 440 seats are provided and 760 persons must stand.

"The status of things in Palestine," says Rabbi Wise, of New York, referring to a recent visit to the Holy Land, "may be summed up in the words: Everything *was* Jewish; little or nothing *is* Jewish." The Jew, Rabbi Wise remarks, seems not yet to have learned how to think and feel in a world-wide spirit; when he shall have learned, perhaps he will emulate the Christians and Mohammedans in rearing noble monuments in the land of his origin.

During the month of September there were imported into the United States, in anticipation of the new tariff, more precious stones than in any other month on record.

A great collection of Napoleonana is soon to be sold in New York City. It contains 4,995 lots, among them being included twenty-eight documents signed by Napoleon, and a full set of autographs of Napoleon's Marshals. There are also about 2,000 portraits of the Emperor. People interested in the career of the great Corsican—and who is not?—may here have a chance to get a genuine memento of the Little Corporal.

Lord Northcliffe, proprietor of half a dozen newspapers, including the London "Times," and about forty magazines, is in America and has given his opinion as to the militant suffragists. "Hysterical monomaniacs" he calls them, and adds: "In Australia and New Zealand women have long had the suffrage. The ladies of that part of the Empire obtained it in a dignified manner, and along the wise lines of American women."

The torpedo-fish, or so-called electrical eel, which is one of the most remarkable of nature's enigmas, is held to be responsible for delaying a steamer, in a curious yarn told by the crew of the British freighter Rochelle. The steamer's steel plates, it is believed, attracted large numbers of the fish, and they plastered themselves to the ship's sides so effectively that the Rochelle could make but slow progress until the cold waters of the North Atlantic loosened the eels' hold on their huge magnet.

"I have found," says Bayard Veiller, playwright, "with many other authors, that when a woman is very beautiful she rarely has any great emotions. She gains tribute so easily, life goes on so placidly, that she is rarely stirred." Will the novelists kindly take the hint and give their readers some plain, average heroines who nevertheless have emotional histories worth the telling?

President Poincaré of France is well known as a lover of animals, and this trait was strikingly brought out during his recent visit to King Alfonso in Madrid, where the French President declined to attend a bull-fight which had been arranged as part of the Franco-Spanish festivities. This is an example which some American tourists might well imitate.

The steamship Vaterland, the Imperator's big sister, will, it is expected, be launched early next spring. She is to be fifty feet longer than the Imperator, and will lack only thirty feet of being the looked-for "thousand-foot ship."

The name of Governor Sulzer's chief counsel, says the New York "Sun," is D-Cady Herrick, not D. Cady Herrick. The D does not represent David or Daniel or anything else, but stands simply on its own merits. Just why it should trail a hyphen after it is not explained. "Who's Who," that usually accurate publication, which presumably gets its information authentically, uses the period. Judge Herrick himself ought to settle this vexed question and ease the public's mind.

Dr. J. P. Haney, director of art in the New York public schools, praises German posters and the way in which they are used by advertisers. The restriction of their use to city-owned billboards in Berlin, he says, brings in a revenue to the city of $100,000 a year.

Aigrettes are not to be admitted to this country under the new tariff law, it is announced, even when they are worn on the heads of returning tourists. This seems hard on the possessors of Paris hats; but, if enforced, the rule will be an effectual aid in protecting the birds in the future.

A new Canadian daily paper, the Montreal "Daily Mail," signalized its appearance in the newspaper world by employing an aeroplane to carry copies of its first issue from Montreal to Ottawa.

The largest ice cave in the world is believed to be one in the Dachstein Mountains of Austria. A huge central hall in this cave, "Parsival Dome," is 396 feet in length, 231 feet in width, and 116 feet in height. This subterranean home of Jack Frost is described as exhibiting an immense variety of ice formations of the weirdest character.

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